BELL'S EDITION.

The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN

COMPLETE FROM

CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.

KING VOL. II.

They cannot boil nor wash nor rince they say
With Water sometimes Ink and sometimes Whey.

Printed for John Bell British Library Strand London. January 15th. 1782.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

DR. WILLIAM KING.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

I sing the various chances of the world,
Thro' which men are by Fate or Fortune hurl'd.
'Tis by no scheme or method that I go,
But paint in verse my notions as they flow;
With heat the wanton images pursue,
Fond of the old, yet still creating new;
Fancy myself in some secure retreat,
Resolve to be content, and so be great.

KING.

VOL. I.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1781.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

DR. WILLIAM KING.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANIES,
EPISTLES,
SONGS,
EPIGRAMS,
IMITATIONS,
TRANSLAITONS,
&c. &c. &c.

Read here in ſofteſt ſounds the ſweeteſt ſatire;
A pen dipt deep in gall, a heart good nature.
An Engliſh Ovid, from his birth he ſeems
Inſpir'd alike with ſtrong poetick dreams:
The Roman rants of heroes, gods, and Jove;
The Briton purely paints The Art of Love. ANONYM.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1781.

THE FRUMENTARY*.

PREFACE.

THE Author of the following Poem may be thought to write for fame and the applause of the Town, but he wholly disowns it, for he writes only for the publick good, the benefit of his country, and the manufacture of England. It is well known that grave senators have often at the Palace yard refreshed themselves with barley broth in a morning, which has had a very solid influence on their counsels; it is therefore hoped that other persons may use it with the like success. No man can be ignorant how of late years coffee and tea in a morning has prevailed; nay, cold waters have obtained their commendation; and wells are sprung up from Acton to Islington, and cross the water to Lambeth. These liquors have several eminent champions of all professions; but there have not been wanting persons in all ages that have shewn a true love for their country and the proper diet of it, as watergruel, milkporridge, ricemilk, and especially Frumenty, both with plums and without. To this end several worthy persons have encouraged the eating such wholesome diet in a morning; and that the poor may be provided, they have desired several matrons to

* Written to please a gentleman who thought nothing smooth or lofty could be written upon a mean subject, but had no intent of making any reflection upon The Dispensary, which has deservedly gained a lasting reputation. *King.*

ſtand at Smithfield-bars, Leadenhall-market, Stocks-market, and divers other noted places in the City, eſpecially at Fleet-ditch, there to diſpenſe Frumenty to labouring people and the poor at reaſonable rates, at three halfpence and twopence a diſh, which is not dear, the plums being conſidered.

The places are generally ſtyled Frumentaries, becauſe that food has got the general eſteem; but that at Fleet-ditch I take to be one of the moſt remarkable, and therefore I have ſtyled it The Frumentary; and could eaſily have had a certificate of the uſefulneſs of this Frumentary ſigned by ſeveral eminent carmen, gardeners, journeymen tailors, and baſketwomen, who have promiſed to contribute to the maintenance of the ſame in caſe the coffeehouſes ſhould proceed to oppoſe it.

I have thought this a very proper ſubject for an heroick poem, and endeavoured to be as ſmooth in my verſe and as inoffenſive in my characters as was poſſible. It is my caſe, with Lucretius, that I write upon a ſubject not treated of by the Ancients: but the greater labour the greater glory.

Virgil had a Homer to imitate; but I ſtand upon my own legs, without any ſupport from abroad. I therefore ſhall have more occaſion for the reader's favour, who from the kind acceptance of this may expect the deſcription of other Frumentaries about this City from his moſt humble ſervant,

AND PER SE AND.

THE FRUMENTARY,

A VERY INNOCENT AND HARMLESS POEM,

IN THREE CANTOS.

First printed in 1699.

CANTO I.

No fooner did the gray-ey'd Morning peep,
And yawning mortals ftretch themfelves from fleep;
Finders of gold were now but newly paft,
And bafketwomen did to market hafte;
The watchmen were but juft returning home
To give the thieves more liberty to roam,
When from a hill by growing beams of light
A ftately pile was offer'd to the fight;
Three fpacious doors let paffengers go thro',
And diftant ftones did terminate their view.
Juft here, as ancient poets fing, there ftood
The noble palace of the valiant Lud;
His image now appears in Portland ftone,
Each fide fupported by a godlike fon *;

* As Dr. King's defcription of Ludgate, though familiar to the prefent age, will be lefs intelligible to the rifing generation, it may not be improper to obferve that its name, which Geoffry of Monmouth has afcribed to King Lud, was with greater propriety derived from its fituation near the rivulet

But underneath all the three heroes ſhine
In living colours drawn upon a ſign
Which ſhews the way to ale but not to wine.
  Near is a place encloſ'd with iron bars
Where many mortals curſe their cruel ſtars
When brought by uſurers into diſtreſs,
For having little, ſtill muſt live on leſs:
Stern Av'rice there keeps the relentleſs door,
And bids each wretch eternally be poor:
Hence Hunger riſes, diſmally he ſtalks,
And takes each ſingle priſ'ner in his walks:
This duty done, the meagre monſter ſtares,
Holds up his bones, and thus begins his pray'rs:
  "Thou, goddeſs Famine! that canſt ſend us blights,
"With parching heat by day and ſtorm by nights,
"Aſſiſt me now; ſo may all lands be thine,
"And ſhoals of orphans at thy altars pine!
"Long may thy reign continue on each ſhore
"Wherever peace and plenty reign'd before!

Flud or Fleet, which ran near it. So early as 1373 Ludgate was conſtituted a priſon for poor debtors who were free of the City, and was greatly enlarged in 1454 by Sir Stephen Forſter, who after having been himſelf confined there became Lord Mayor of London, and eſtabliſhed ſeveral benevolent regulations for its government. The old gate becoming ruinous, an elegant building, as above deſcribed by Dr. King, was erected in 1586, with the ſtatue of Queen Eliſabeth on the weſt front, and thoſe of the pretended King Lud and his two ſons on the eaſt. This was pulled down in 1760, and the ſtatue of Eliſabeth placed againſt the church of St. Dunſtan-in-the-Weſt. Since that time the City debtors have been confined in a part of the London Workhouſe in Biſhopſgateſtreet.

" I muſt confeſs that to thy gracious hand
" I widows owe that are at my command;
" I joy to hear their num'rous children's cries,
" And bleſs thy pow'r to find they 've no ſupplies.
" I thank thee for thoſe martyrs who would fly
" From ſuperſtitious rites and tyranny
" And find their fulneſs of reward in me.
" But it is with much humility I own
" That gen'rous favour you have lately ſhown,
" When men that bravely have their country ſerv'd
" Receiv'd the juſt reward that they deſerv'd,
" And are preferr'd to me, and ſhall be ſtarv'd.
" I can, but with regret, I can deſpiſe
" Innumerable of the London cries,
" When peaſe and mack'rel with their harſher ſound
" The tender organs of my ears confound;
" But that which makes my projects all miſcarry
" Is this inhuman fatal Frumentary.
" Not far from hence, juſt by the Bridge of Fleet,
" With ſpoons, and porringers, and napkin neat,
" A faithleſs Siren does entice the ſenſe
" By fumes of viands which ſhe does diſpenſe
" To mortal ſtomachs for rewarding pence,
" Whilſt each man's earlieſt thoughts would baniſh [me,
" Who have no other oracle but thee."

CANTO II.

Whilst ſuch like pray'rs keen Hunger would advance,
Fainting and weakneſs threw him in a trance;
Famine took pity on her careful ſlave,
And kindly to him this aſſiſtance gave.
She took the figure of a thin parch'd maid,
Who many years had for a huſband ſtaid,
And coming near to Hunger thus ſhe ſaid:
" My darling Son! whilſt Peace and Plenty ſmile,
" And happineſs would overrun this iſle,
" I joy to ſee, by this thy preſent care,
" I 've ſtill ſome friends remaining ſince the war.
" In ſpite of us A does on ven'ſon feed,
" And bread and butter is for B decreed;
" C D combines with E F's gen'rous ſoul
" To paſs their minutes with the ſparkling bowl;
" H I's good nature from his endleſs ſtore
" Is ſtill conferring bleſſings on the poor,
" For none except it is K regards them more;
" L M N O P Q is vainly great,
" And ſquanders half his ſubſtance in a treat;
" Nice eating by R S is underſtood;
" T's ſupper tho' but little yet is good;
" U's converſation is equal to his wine;
" You ſup with W whene'er you dine;

"X Y and Z, hating to be confin'd,
"Ramble to the next eatinghouſe they find;
"Pleaſant, good-humour'd, beautiful, and gay,
"Sometimeswith muſick and ſometimes with play
"Prolong their pleaſures till th' approaching day.
"And Per Se And alone, as poets uſe,
"The ſtarving dictates of my rules purſues;
"No ſwinging coachman does afore him ſhine,
"Nor has he any conſtant place to dine,
"But all his notions of a meal are mine.
"Haſte, haſte; to him a bleſſing give from me,
"And bid him write ſharp things on Frumenty.
"But I would have thee to Coffedro go,
"And let Tobacco too thy bus'neſs know;
"With famous Teedrums in this caſe adviſe,
"Rely on Sago who is always wiſe.
"Amidſt ſuch counſel baniſh all deſpair;
"Truſt me you ſhall ſucceed in this affair:
"That project which they Frumentary call
"Before next breakfaſt time ſhall ſurely fall."
This ſaid, ſhe quickly vaniſh'd in a wind
Had long within her body been confin'd.
Thus Hercules, when he his miſtreſs found,
Soon knew her by her ſcent and by her ſound.

CANTO III.

Hunger rejoic'd to hear the bleſt command
That Frumentary ſhould no longer ſtand;

With ſpeed he to Coffedro's manſion flies,
And bids the palefac'd mortal quickly riſe.
"Ariſe, my Friend! for upon thee do wait
"Diſmal events and prodigies of fate.
"'Tis break of day, thy ſooty broth prepare,
"And all thy other liquors for a war:
"Rouſe up Tobacco, whoſe delicious ſight,
"Illuminated round with beams of light,
"To my important mind will cauſe delight.
"How will he conquer noſtrils that preſume
"To ſtand th' attack of his impetuous fume!
"Let handſome Teedrums too be call'd to arms,
"For he has courage in the midſt of charms.
"Sago with counſel fills his wakeful brains,
"But then his wiſdom countervails his pains:
"'Tis he ſhall be your guide; he ſhall effect
"That glorious conqueſt which we all expect.
"The brave Hectorvus ſhall command this force;
"He 'll meet Tubcarrio's foot, or, which is worſe,
"Oppoſe the fury of Carmanniel's horſe.
"For his reward this he ſhall have each day,
"Drink coffee, then ſtrut out, and never pay."
It was not long ere the grandees were met,
And round newſpapers in full order ſet.
Then Sago riſing ſaid: "I hope you hear
"Hunger's advice with an obedient ear:
"Our great deſign admits of no delay,
"Famine commands, and we muſt all obey.

"That Siren which does Frumentary keep
"Long ſince is riſen from the bands of ſleep;
"Her ſpoons and porringers with art diſplay'd
"Many of Hunger's ſubjects have betray'd."
"To arms," Hectorvus cry'd: "Coffedro ſtout,
"Iſſue forth liquor from thy ſcalding ſpout!"
Great One-and-all-i gives the firſt alarms,
Then each man ſnatches up offenſive arms:
To Ditch of Fleet courageouſly they run,
Quicker than thought the battle is begun:
Hectorvus firſt Tubcarrio does attack,
And by ſurpriſe ſoon lays him on his back;
Thirſto and Drowtho then approaching near
Soon overthrow two magazines of beer.
The innocent Syrena little thought
That all theſe arms againſt herſelf were brought,
Nor that in her defence the drink was ſpilt:
How could ſhe fear that never yet knew guilt?
Her fragrant juice and her delicious plums
She does diſpenſe (with gold upon her thumbs;)
Virgins and youths around her ſtood; ſhe ſat
Environ'd with a wooden chair of ſtate.
In the meantime Tobacco ſtrives to vex
A num'rous ſquadron of the tender ſex:
What with ſtrong ſmoke and with his ſtronger breath
He ſunks Baſketia and her ſon to death.
Coffedro then with Teedrums and the band
Who carry'd ſcalding liquors in their hand,

Throw wat'ry ammunition in their eyes,
On which Syrena's party frighten'd flies:
Carmannio ſtraight drives up, a bulwark ſtrong,
And horſe oppoſes to Coffedro's throng;
Coaldrivio ſtands for bright Syrena's guard,
And all her rally'd forces are prepar'd;
Carmannio then to Teedrum's ſquadron makes,
And the lean mortal by the buttons takes;
Not Teedrums' arts Carmannio could beſeech,
But his rough valour throws him in the ditch.
Syrena, tho' ſurpris'd, reſolv'd to be
The great Bonduca of her Frumentry;
Before her throne courageouſly ſhe ſtands,
Managing ladles full with both her hands;
The num'rous plums like hailſhot flew about,
And plenty ſoon diſpers'd the meagre rout.
So have I ſeen at fair that is nam'd from horn
Many a ladle's blow by 'prentice borne;
In vain he ſtrives their paſſions to aſſuage,
With threats would frighten, with ſoft words engage,
Until thro' milky gantlet ſoundly beat
His prudent heels ſecure a quick retreat.

"Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
"Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetuſtas!"

MULLY OF MOUNTOWN*.

FIRST PRINTED BY THE AUTHOR IN 1704.

I.

MOUNTOWN†! thou sweet retreat from Dublin cares,
Be famous for thy apples and thy pears,
For turnips, carrots, lettuce, beans and pease,
For Peggy's butter and for Peggy's cheese.
May clouds of pigeons round about thee fly,
But condescend sometimes to make a pie!
May fat geese gaggle with melodious voice,
And ne'er want gooseberries or apple sauce!
Ducks in thy ponds, and chicken in thy pens,
And be thy turkeys num'rous as thy hens!
May thy black pigs lie warm in little sty,
And have no thought to grieve them till they die!
Mountown! the Muses' most delicious theme,
Oh! may thy codlins ever swim in cream!
Thy rasp and strawberries in Bourdeaux drown,
To add a redder tincture to their own!
Thy whitewine, sugar, milk, together club
To make that gentle viand sillabub‡!

* It was taken for a state poem, and to have many mysteries in it, though it was only made, as well as Orpheus and Eurydice, for country diversion. *King.*

† A pleasant villa to the south of Dublin near the sea.

‡ " Peace to thy gentle shade, sweet smiling Henniver!"— would have been our Author's ejaculation if he had lived in

Thy tarts to tarts, cheesecakes to cheesecakes join,
To spoil the relish of the flowing wine!
But to the fading palate bring relief,
By thy Westphalian ham or Belgick beef!
And to complete thy blessings in a word,
May still thy soil be gen'rous as its lord †!

II.

Oh Peggy, Peggy! when thou goest to brew
Consider well what you're about to do;
Be very wise, very sedately think
That what you're going now to make is drink;
Consider who must drink that drink; and then
What it is to have the praise of honest men;
For surely, Peggy, while that drink does last
'Tis Peggy will be toasted or disgrac'd.
Then if thy ale in glass thou wouldst confine
To make its sparkling rays in beauty shine,
Let thy clean bottle be entirely dry,
Lest a white substance to the surface fly,
And floating there disturb the curious eye.

1775, when the admirers of this gentle viand lamented the irreparable loss of the foundress of the Lactarium:

"Lac mihi non æstate novum, non frigore desit;"
"My milk in summer's drought nor winter fails;"

was the matron's invitation to the publick, whilst her happy cottage presented the liveliest reflection of its benignant owner:

"Quam dives pecoris nivei, quam lactis abundans!"
"What luscious milk, what rural stores, are mine!"

† Judge Upton.

But this great maxim muſt be underſtood,
"Be ſure, nay very ſure, thy cork be good:"
Then future ages ſhall of Peggy tell,
That nymph that brew'd and bottled ale ſo well.

III.

How fleet is air! how many things have breath
Which in a moment they reſign to death,
Depriv'd of light and all their happieſt ſtate
Not by their fault but ſome o'erruling Fate!
Altho' fair flow'rs that juſtly might invite
Are cropt, nay torn away, for man's delight,
Yet ſtill thoſe flow'rs, alas! can make no moan,
Nor has Narciſſus now a pow'r to groan;
But all thoſe things which breathe in diff'rent frame
By tie of common breath man's pity claim.
A gentle lamb has rhetorick to plead,
And when ſhe ſees the butcher's knife decreed,
Her voice entreats him not to make her bleed:
But cruel gain and luxury of taſte
With pride ſtill lays man's fellow-mortals waſte.
What earth and waters breed or air inſpires
Man for his palate fits by tort'ring fires.
Mully, a cow ſprung from a beauteous race,
With ſpreading front did Mountown's paſtures grace:
Gentle ſhe was, and with a gentle ſtream
Each morn and night gave milk that equall'd cream.
Offending none, of none ſhe ſtood in dread,
Much leſs of perſons which ſhe daily fed;

" But innocence cannot itself defend [" Friend."
" 'Gainst treach'rous arts veil'd with the name of
Robin of Derbyshire, whose temper shocks
The constitution of his native rocks,
Born in a place * which, if it once be nam'd,
Would make a blushing modesty asham'd,
He with indulgence kindly did appear
To make poor Mully his peculiar care;
But inwardly this sullen churlish thief
Had all his mind plac'd upon Mully's beef:
His fancy fed on her; and thus he 'd cry,
" Mully, as sure as I 'm alive you die!
" 'Tis a brave cow! O, Sirs! when Christmas comes
" These shins shall make the porridge grac'd with plums;
" Then 'midst our cups whilst we profanely dine
" This blade shall enter deep in Mully's chine.
" What ribs, what rumps, what bak'd, boil'd, stew'd, " and roast!
" There sha' n't one single tripe of her be lost!"
When Peggy, nymph of Mountown, heard these
She griev'd to hear of Mully's future wounds. [sounds,
" What crime," said she, " has gentle Mully done?
" Witness the rising and the setting sun,
" That knows what milk she constantly would give!
" Let that quench Robin's rage and Mully live."

* The Devil's Arse of Peak, described by Hobbes in a poem *De Mirabilibus Pecci*, the best of his poetical performances.

Daniel, a ſprightly ſwain, that uſ'd to ſlaſh
The vig'rous ſteeds that drew his lord's calaſh,
To Peggy's ſide inclin'd; for it was well known
How well he lov'd thoſe cattle of his own.
Then Terence ſpoke, oraculous and ſly;
He 'd neither grant the queſtion nor deny;
Pleading for milk his thoughts were on mince pie:
But all his arguments ſo dubious were
That Mully thence had neither hopes nor fear.
"You've ſpoke," ſays Robin; "but now let me tell
"'Tis not fair ſpoken words that fill the belly: [" ye
"Pudding and beef I love; and cannot ſtoop
"To recommend your bonny-clabber ſoup.
"You ſay ſhe is innocent; but what of that?
"'Tis more than crime ſufficient that ſhe is fat!
"And that which is prevailing in this caſe
"Is, there is another cow to fill her place:
"And granting Mully to have milk in ſtore,
"Yet ſtill this other cow will give us more.
"She dies."—Stop here, my Muſe! forbear the reſt,
And veil that grief which cannot be expreſt.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

FIRST PRINTED BY THE AUTHOR IN 1704.

As poets ſay, one Orpheus went
To hell upon an odd intent.
Firſt tell the ſtory, then let 's know
If any one will do ſo now.

This Orpheus was a jolly boy,
Born long before the ſiege of Troy;
His parents found the lad was ſharp,
And taught him on the Iriſh harp;
And when grown fit for marriage life
Gave him Eurydice for wife;
And they as ſoon as match was made
Set up the ballad-ſinging trade.
The cunning varlet could deviſe
For country folks ten thouſand lies,
Affirming all thoſe monſtrous things
Were done by force of harp and ſtrings;
Could make a tiger in a trice
Tame as a cat and catch your mice;
Could make a lion's courage flag,
And ſtraight could animate a ſtag;
And by the help of pleaſing ditties
Make millſtones run and build up cities.
Each had the uſe of fluent tongue;
If Dice ſcolded Orpheus ſung;
And ſo by diſcord without ſtrife
Compos'd one harmony of life;
And thus as all their matters ſtood
They got an honeſt livelihood.
Happy were mortals could they be
From any ſudden danger free!
Happy were poets could their ſong
The feeble thread of life prolong!

But as these two went strolling on,
Poor Dice's scene of life was done;
Away her fleeting breath must fly,
Yet no one knows wherefore or why.
This caus'd the gen'ral lamentation
To all that knew her in her station;
How brisk she was still to advance
The harper's gain and lead the dance;
In ev'ry tune observe her thrill,
Sing on, yet change the money still.
Orpheus best knew what loss he had,
And thinking on it fell almost mad,
And in despair to Linus ran,
Who was esteem'd a cunning man;
Cry'd, " He again must Dice have,
" Or else be bury'd in her grave."
Quoth Linus, " Soft; refrain your sorrow;
" What fails to-day may speed to-morrow:
" Thank you the gods for whate'er happens,
" But don't fall out with your fat capons.
" 'Tis many an honest man's petition
" That he may be in your condition.
" If such a blessing might be had
" To change a living wife for dead
" I' d be your chapman; nay, I 'd do 't,
" Tho' I gave forty pounds to boot.
" Consider first you save her diet;
" Consider next you keep her quiet:

" For pray what was ſhe all along
" Except the burthen of your ſong?
" What tho' your Dice is under ground?
" Yet many a woman may be found
" Who in your gains if ſhe may part take
" Truſt me will quickly make your heart ake:
" Then reſt content as widowers ſhou'd—
" The gods beſt know what is for our good!"
Orpheus no longer could endure
Such wounds where he expected cure.
" Is it poſſible!" cry'd he; " and can
" That noble creature, marry'd man,
" In ſuch a cauſe be ſo profane?
" I 'll fly thee far as I would Death,
" Who from my Dice took her breath."
Which ſaid, he ſoon outſtript the wind,
Whilſt puffing Boreas lagg'd behind,
And to Urganda's cave he came,
A lady of prodigious fame,
Whoſe hollow eyes and hopper breech
Made common people call her witch:
Down at her feet he proſtrate lies
With trembling heart and blubber'd eyes.
" Tell me," ſaid he, " for ſure you know
" The pow'rs above and thoſe below,
" Where does Eurydice remain?
" How ſhall I fetch her back again?"

She smilingly reply'd, "I'll tell
"This easily without a spell:
"The wife you look for is gone to hell—
"Nay, never start, man! for it is so:
"Except one ill-bred wife or two
"The fashion is for all to go.
"Not that she will be damn'd; ne'er fear
"But she may get preferment there.
"Indeed she might be fry'd in pitch
"If she had been a bitter bitch;
"If she had leapt athwart a sword,
"And afterwards had broke her word:
"But your Eurydice, poor soul!
"Was a good-natur'd harmless fool;-
"Except a little caterwauling,
"Was always painful in her calling;
"And I dare trust old Pluto for 't
"She will find favour in his court.
"But then to fetch her back that still
"Remains, and may be past my skill;
"For it is too sad a thing to jest on,
"You 're the first man e'er ask'd the quest'on;
"For husbands are such selfish elves
"They care for little but themselves:
"And then one rogue cries to another
"Since this wife is gone e'en get another:
"Tho' most men let such thoughts alone,
"And swear they 've had enough of one.

" But ſince you are ſo kind to Dice,
" Follow the courſe which I adviſe ye ;
" E'en go to hell yourſelf and try
" Th' effect of muſick's harmony ;
" For you will hardly find a friend
" Whom you in ſuch a caſe might ſend :
" Beſides, their Proſerpine has been
" The briſkeſt dancer on the green,
" Before old Pluto raviſh'd her,
" Took her to hell—and you may ſwear
" She had but little muſick there;
" For ſince ſhe laſt beheld the ſun
" Her merry dancing days are done :
" She has a colt's tooth ſtill I warrant,
" And will not diſapprove your errand :
" Then your requeſt does reaſon ſeem,
" For what is one ſingle ghoſt to them ?
" Tho' thouſand phantoms ſhould invade ye.
" Paſs on—Faint heart ne'er won fair lady.
" The bold a way will find or make ;
" Remember it is for Dice's ſake."
Nothing pleas'd Orpheus half ſo well
As news that he muſt go to hell.
Th' impatient wight long'd to be going,
As moſt folk ſeek their own undoing ;
Ne'er thought of what he left behind,
Never conſider'd he ſhould find

Scarce any paſſenger beſide
Himſelf, nor could he hire a guide.
"Will muſick do it?" cry'd he. "Ne'er heed;
"My harp ſhall make the marble bleed;
"My harp all dangers ſhall remove,
"And dare all flames but thoſe of love."
Then kneeling begs in terms moſt civil
Urganda's paſſport to the devil.
Her paſs ſhe kindly to him gave,
Then bad him 'noint himſelf with ſalve,
Such as thoſe hardy people uſe
Who walk on fire without their ſhoes,
Who on occaſion in a dark hole
Can gormandize on lighted charcoal,
And drink eight quarts of flaming fuel,
As men in flux do watergruel.
She bad him then go to thoſe caves
Where conjurers keep Fairy ſlaves,
Such ſort of creatures as will baſte ye
A kitchenwench for being naſty,
But if ſhe neatly ſcour her pewter
Give her the money that is due t' her.
Orpheus went down a narrow hole
That was as dark as any coal;
He did at length ſome glimm'ring ſpy,
By which at leaſt he might deſcry
Ten thouſand little Fairy elves
Who there were ſolacing themſelves.

All ran about him, cry'd, " Oh dear!
" Who thought to have feen Orpheus here?
" 'Tis that queen's birthday which you fee,
" And you are come as luckily:
" You had no ballad but we bought it,
" Paid Dice when fhe little thought it:
" When you beneath the yewtree fat
" We've come and all danc'd round your hat.
" But whereabouts did Dice leave ye?
" She had been welcome, Sir, believe me."
" Thefe little chits would make one fwear,"
Quoth Orpheus, 'twixt difdain and fear.
" And dare thefe urchins jeer my croffes,
" And laugh at mine and Dice's loffes?
" Hands off—the monkies hold the fafter:
" Sirrahs! I 'm going to your mafter."
" Good words," quoth Oberon; " do n't flinch;
" For ev'ry time you ftir I 'll pinch;
" But if you decently fit down
" I 'll firft equip you with a crown,
" Then for each dance and for each fong
" Our pence apiece the whole night long."
Orpheus, who found no remedy,
Made virtue of neceffity;
Tho' all was out of tune, their dance
Would only hinder his advance.
Each note that from his fingers fell
Seem'd to be Dice's paffing-bell;

At laſt night let him eaſe his cruppe**r**,
Get on his legs to go to ſupper.
Quoth Nab, " We here have ſtrangers ſeldom,
" But, Sir, to what we have you 're welcome."
" Madam, they ſeem of light digeſtion :
" Is it not rude to aſk a queſtion,
" What they may be, fiſh, fleſh, or fruit?
" For I ne'er ſaw things ſo minute."
" Sir, a roaſted ant that is nicely done
" By one ſmall atom of the ſun.
" Theſe are flies' eggs in moonſhine poach'd;
" This a flea's thigh in collops Scotch'd;
" 'Twas hunted yeſterday i' th' Park,
" And like t' have 'ſcap'd us in the dark.
" This is a diſh entirely new,
" Butterflies' brains diſſolv'd in dew;
" Theſe lovers' vows, theſe courtiers' hopes,
" Things to be eat by microſcopes;
" Theſe ſucking mites, a glow-worm's heart,
" This a delicious rainbow tart!"
" Madam, I find they 're very nice,
" And will digeſt within a trice;
" I ſee there is nothing you eſteem
" That is half ſo groſs as our whipt cream;
" And I infer from all theſe meats
" That ſuch light ſuppers keep clean ſheets."
" But, Sir," ſaid ſhe, " perhaps you 're dry."
Then ſpeaking to a Fairy by,

" You've taken care, my dear Endia!
" All is ready for my ratifia."
" Sir, a drop of water newly torn
" Freſh from the roſy-finger'd Morn,
" A pearl of milk, that is gently preſt
" From blooming Hebe's early breaſt,
" With half a one of Cupid's tears
" When he in embryo firſt appears,
" And honey from an infant bee,
" Makes liquor for the gods and me!"
" Madam," ſays he, " an 't pleaſe your Grace,
" I 'm going to a droughty place,
" And if I an't too bold, pray charge her
" The draught I have be ſomewhat larger."
" Fetch me," ſaid ſhe, " A mighty bowl,
" Like Oberon's capacious ſoul,
" And then fill up the burniſh'd gold
" With juice that makes the Britons bold.
" This from ſev'n barleycorns I drew,
" Its years are ſev'n, and to the view
" 'Tis clear, and ſparkles fit for you.
" But ſtay———
" When I by Fate was laſt time hurl'd
" To act my pranks in th' other world,
" I ſaw ſome ſparks as they were drinking
" With mighty mirth and little thinking
" Their jeſts were *ſupernaculum*,
" I ſnatch'd the rubies from each thumb,

"And in this cryſtal have them here,
"Perhaps you 'll like it more than beer."
Wine and late hours diſſolv'd the feaſt,
And men and Fairies went to reſt.
The bed where Orpheus was to lie
Was all ſtuff'd full of harmony:
Purling ſtreams and am'rous rills,
Dying ſound that never kills,
Zephyrus breathing, Love delighting,
Joy to ſlumber ſoft inviting,
Trembling ſounds that make no noiſe,
And ſongs to pleaſe without a voice,
Were mixt with down that fell from Jove
When he became a ſwan for love.
'Twas night, and Nature's ſelf lay dead,
Nodding upon a featherbed;
The mountains ſeem'd to bend their tops,
And ſhutters clos'd the mill'ners' ſhops,
Excluding both the punks and fops:
No ruffled ſtreams to mill do come,
The ſilent fiſh were ſtill more dumb;
Look in the chimney not a ſpark there,
And darkneſs did itſelf grow darker.
But Orpheus could not ſleep a wink,
He had too many things to think;
But in the dark his harp he ſtrung,
And to the liſt'ning Fairies ſung.

Prince Prim, who pity'd ſo much youth,
Join'd with ſuch conſtancy and truth,
Soon gave him thus to underſtand:
"Sir, I laſt night receiv'd command
"To ſee you out of Fairy Land
"Into the realm of Noſnotbocai;
"But let not fear or ſulphur choke ye;
"For he is a fiend of ſenſe and wit,
"And has got many rooms to let."
As quick as thought, by glow-worm glimpſe
Out walk the fiddler and the prince:
They ſoon arrive, find Bocai brewing
Of claret for a vintner's ſtewing.
"I come from Oberon," quoth Prince Prim.
"'Tis well," quoth Bocai: "what from him?"
"Why, ſomething ſtrange. This honeſt man
"Had his wife dy'd: now if he can
"He ſays he 'd have her back again!"
Then Bocai ſmiling cry'd, "You ſee,
"Orpheus, you 'd better ſtay with me;
"For let me tell you, Sir, this place,
"Altho' it has an ugly face,
"If to its value it were ſold
"Is worth ten thouſand ton of gold,
"And very famous in all ſtory,
"Call'd by the name of Purgatory.
"For when ſome ages ſhall have run,
"And Truth by Falſehood be undone,
"Shall riſe the whore of Babylon,

" And this ſame whore ſhall be a man,
" Who by his lies and cheating can
" Be ſuch a trader in all evil
" As to outdo our friend the devil;
" He and his pimps ſhall ſay, that when
" A man is dying, thither then
" The devil comes to take the ſoul,
" And carry him down to this hole:
" But if a man have ſtore of wealth,
" To get ſome pray'rs for his ſoul's health,
" The devil has then no more to do,
" But muſt be forc'd to let him go:
" But we are no more fools than they
" Thus to be bubbled of our prey.
" By theſe ſame pious frauds and lies
" Shall many monaſteries riſe;
" Friars ſhall get good meat and beer
" To pray folks out that ne'er came here;
" Pans, pots, and kettles, ſhall be giv'n
" To fetch a man from hence to heav'n.
" Suppoſe a man has taken purſes,
" Or ſtolen ſheep, or cows, or horſes,
" And chances to be hang'd, you 'd cry
" Let him be hang'd, and ſo good-by.
" Hold, ſays the friar; let me alone,
" He is but to Purgatory gone;
" And if you 'll let our convent keep
" Thoſe purſes, cows, horſes, and ſheep,

“ The fellow ſhall find no more pain
“ Than if he were alive again.”
Here Orpheus ſigh'd, began to take on,
Cry'd, “ Could I find the whore you ſpake on
“ I 'd give him my beſt flitch of bacon;
“ I 'd give him cake and ſugar'd ſack
“ If he would bring my Dice back:
“ Rather than ſhe ſhould longer ſtay
“ I 'd find ſome luſty man to pray;
“ And then poor Dice, let him try her,
“ I dare ſay would requite the friar.”
Great Noſnotbocai ſmil'd to ſee
Such goodneſs and ſimplicity;
Then kindly led them to a cell,
An outward granary of hell,
A filthy place, that is ſeldom ſwept,
Where ſeeds of villany are kept.
“ Orpheus,” ſaid he, “ I 'd have you take
“ Some of theſe ſeeds here for my ſake,
“ Which if they are diſcreetly hurl'd
“ Thro'out the parts of th' other world,
“ They may oblige the fiend you ſue to,
“ And fill the palace of old Pluto.
“ Sow pride ſeed uppermoſt; then above
“ Envy and ſcandal plant ſelflove:
“ Here take revenge, and malice without cauſe,
“ And here contempt of honeſty and laws;
“ This hot ſeed's anger, and this hotter luſt,
“ Beſt ſown with breach of friendſhip and of truſt;

" Theſe ſtorm, hail, plague, and tempeſt ſeeds,
" And this a quinteſſence of weeds;
" This the worſt ſort of artichoke,
" A plant that Pluto has himſelf beſpoke;
" Nouriſh it well, it is uſeful treachery;
" This is a choice tho' little ſeed, a lie:
" Here take ſome now from theſe prodigious loads
" Of tender things that look like toads:
" In future times theſe finely dreſt
" Shall each invade a prince's breaſt;
" 'Tis flatt'ry ſeed; tho' thinly ſown
" It is a mighty plant when grown,
" When rooted deep and fully blown:
" Now ſee theſe things like bubbles fly,
" Theſe are the ſeeds of vanity:
" Take tyrant acorns, which will beſt advance
" If ſown in eaſtern climates or in France;
" But theſe are things of moſt prodigious hopes,
" They 're Jeſuit bulbs ty'd up with ropes,
" And theſe the devil's grafts for future Popes,
" Which with fanaticiſm are join'd ſo clean
" You 'd ſcarce believe a knife had paſs'd between:
" Falſewitneſs ſeed had almoſt been forgot,
" 'Twill be your making ſhould there be a plot.
" And now, dear Orpheus! ſcatter theſe but well,
" And you 'll deſerve the gratitude of hell."
Quoth Orpheus, " You ſhall be obey'd
" In ev'ry thing that you have ſaid,
" For miſchief is the poet's trade;

" And whatsoever they shall bring
" You may assure yourself I 'll sing.
" But pray what poets shall we have
" At my returning from the grave?"
  " Sad dogs!" quoth Bocai.—" Let me see—
" But since what I say cannot shame them
" I 'll e'en resolve to never name them."
  " But now," says Bocai, " Sir, you may
" Long to be going on your way,
" Unless you 'll drink some arsenick claret;
" 'Tis burnt, you see; but Sam can spare it."
  Orpheus reply'd, " Kind Sir! it is neither
" Brandy nor whets that brought me hither,
" But love; and I an instance can be
" Love is as hot as pepper'd brandy;
" Yet, gentle Sir! you may command
" A tune from a departing hand;
" The style and passion both are good,
" 'Tis The Three Children in the Wood."
  He sang, and pains themselves found ease;
For griefs when well express'd can please.
When he describ'd the children's loss,
And how the Robins cover'd them with moss,
To hear the pity of those birds
Ev'n Bocai's tears fell down with Orpheus' words, &c.

BRITAIN'S PALLADIUM,

OR, LORD BOLINGBROKE'S WELCOME FROM FRANCE*.

"Et thure, et fidibus juvat
"Placare, et vituli ſanguine debito
"Cuſtodes Numidæ Deos."

Hor. lib. I. Od. xxxvi. ad Pomponium Numidam, ob cujus ex Hiſpania redditum gaudio exultat.

WHAT noiſe is this that interrupts my ſleep?
What echoing ſhouts riſe from the briny deep?
Neptune a ſolemn feſtival prepares,
And peace thro' all his flowing orb declares:
That dreadful trident which he us'd to ſhake,
Make earth's foundations and Jove's palace quake,
Now by his ſide on oozy couch reclin'd,
Gives a ſmooth ſurface and a gentle wind:
Innumerable Tritons lead the way,
And crowds of Nereids round his chariot play:
The ancient ſea gods with attention wait
To learn what is now the laſt reſult of Fate;
What earthly monarch Neptune now decrees
Alone his great vicegerent of the ſeas.
By an auſpicious gale Britannia's fleet
On Gallia's coaſt this ſhining triumph meet;

* Lord Bolingbroke ſet out for France (accompanied by Mr. Hare, one of his Underſecretaries, Mr. Prior, and the Abbe Gualtier) Aug. 2d, and arrived again in London Aug. 21ſt 1712.

These pomps divine their mortal sense surprise,
Loud to the ear, and dazzling to the eyes,
Whilst scaly Tritons with their shells proclaim
The names that must survive to future fame,
And nymphs their diadems of pearl prepare,
For monarchs who to purchase peace make war.
Then Neptune his majestick silence broke,
And to the trembling sailors mildly spoke;
"Thro'out the world Britannia's flag display;
"'Tis my command that all the globe obey:
"Let British streamers wave their heads on high,
"And dread no foe beneath Jove's azure sky.
"The rest let Nereus tell."—
"If I have truth," says Nereus, "and foresee
"The intricate designs of Destiny,
"I, that have view'd whatever fleets have rode
"With sharpen'd keels to cut the yielding flood,
"I, that could weigh the fates of Greece and Rome,
"Phœnician wealth and Carthaginian doom,
"Must surely know what in the womb of time
"Was foreordain'd for Britain's happy clime;
"How wars upon the wat'ry realms shall cease,
"And Anna give the world a glorious peace;
"Restore the spicy traffick of the East,
"And stretch her empire to the distant West;
"Her fleets descry Aurora's purple bed,
"And Phœbus' steeds after their labours fed;

"The southern coasts, to Britain scarcely known,
"Shall grow as hospitable as their own;
"No monsters shall be feign'd to guard their store
"When British trade secures their golden ore;
"The fleecy product of the Cotswold field
"Shall equal what Peruvian mountains yield;
"Iron shall there intrinsick value show,
"And by Vulcanian art more precious grow.
"Britannia's royal fishery shall be
"Improv'd by a kind guardian deity;
"That mighty task to Glaucus we assign,
"Of more importance than the richest mine;
"He shall direct them how to strike the whale,
"How to avoid the danger, when prevail;
"What treasure lies upon the frozen coast
"Not yet explor'd, nor negligently lost.
"In vast Acadia's plains, new theme for fame,
"Towns shall be built sacred to Anna's * name;
"The silver fir and lofty pine shall rise
"From Britain's own united Colonies,
"Which to the mast shall canvass wings afford,
"And pitch to strengthen the unfaithful board;
"Norway may then her naval stores withhold,
"And proudly starve for want of British gold.
"O happy Isle! to such advantage plac'd
"That all the world is by thy counsels grac'd;

* Annapolis, the capital of Nova Scotia.

“ Thy nation's genius with induſtrious arts
“ Renders thee lovely to remoteſt parts.
“ Eliza firſt the fable ſcene withdrew,
“ And to the ancient world diſplay'd the new;
“ When Burleigh at the helm of ſtate was ſeen,
“ The trueſt ſubject to the greateſt queen,
“ The Indians from the Spaniſh yoke made free
“ Bleſs'd the effects of Engliſh liberty;
“ Drake round the world his ſov'reign's honour ſpread
“ Thro' ſtraits and gulfs immenſe her fame convey'd:
“ Nor reſts inquiry here; his curious eye
“ Deſcries new conſtellations in the ſky,
“ In which vaſt ſpace ambitious mariners
“ Might place their names on high, and chuſe their
“ Raleigh with hopes of new diſcov'ries fir'd, [ſtars.
“ And all the depths of human wit inſpir'd,
“ Rov'd o'er the Weſtern world in ſearch of fame,
“ Adding freſh glory to Eliza's name;
“ Subdu'd new empires, that will records be
“ Immortal of a queen's virginity *.

“ But think not, Albion, that thy ſons decay,
“ Or that thy princes have leſs pow'r to ſway;
“ Whatever in Eliza's reign was ſeen
“ With a redoubled vigour ſprings again;
“ Imperial Anna ſhall the ſeas control,
“ And ſpread her naval laws from pole to pole:

* Alluding to the firſt ſettlement of Virginia.

"Nor think her conduct or her counsels less
"In arts of war or treaties for a peace,
"In thrifty management of Britain's wealth,
"Embezzled lately, or purloin'd by stealth.
"No nation can fear want or dread surprise
"Where Oxford's prudence Burleigh's loss supplies:
"On him the publick most securely leans
"To ease the burthen of the best of queens;
"On him the merchants fix their longing eyes
"When war shall cease and British commerce rise.

"Alcides' strength and Atlas' firmer mind
"To narrow straits of Europe were confin'd:
"The British sailors from their Royal 'Change
"May find a nobler liberty to range:
"Oxford shall be their polestar to the South,
"And there reward the efforts of their youth,
"Whence thro' his conduct traffick shall increase
"Ev'n to those seas which take their name from peace*.

"Peace is the sound must glad the Britons' ears.
"But see the noble Bolingbroke appears;
"Gesture compos'd and looks serene declare
"Th' approaching issue of a doubtful war.
"Now my cerulean race safe in the deep
"Shall hear no cannons' roar disturb their sleep,
"But smoothest tides and the most halcyon gales
"Shall to their port direct Britannia's sails.

* The Pacifick ocean.

" Ye Tritons! ſons of gods, it is my command
" That you ſee Bolingbroke in ſafety land;
" Your concave ſhells for ſofteſt notes prepare,
" Whilſt Echo ſhall repeat the gentleſt air;
" The river gods ſhall there your triumphs meet,
" And in old Ocean mix'd your hero greet;
" Thames ſhall ſtand wond'ring, Iſis ſhall rejoice,
" And both in tuneful numbers raiſe their voice;
" The rapid Medway and the fertile Trent
" In ſwifteſt ſtreams confeſs their true content;
" Avon and Severn ſhall in raptures join,
" And Fame convey them to the northern Tine:
" Tweed then no more the Britons ſhall divide,
" But peace and plenty flow on either ſide;
" Triumphs proclaim, and mirth and jovial feaſts,
" And all the world invite for welcome gueſts."
Faction, that thro' the land ſo fatal ſpread,
No more ſhall dare to riſe her Hydra's head,
But all her votaries in ſilence mourn
The happineſs of Bolingbroke's return:
Far from the common pitch, he ſhall ariſe
With great deſigns to dazzle Envy's eyes;
Search deep to know of Whiggiſh plots the ſource,
Their ever turning ſchemes and reſtleſs courſe.
Who ſhall hereafter Britiſh annals read
But will reflect with wonder on this deed?
How artfully his conduct overcame
A ſtubborn race and quench'd a raging flame;

Retriev'd the Britons from unruly fate,
And overthrew the Phaëtons of ſtate!
Theſe wiſe exploits thro' Gallia's nation ran,
And fir'd their ſouls to ſee the wondrous man:
The aged counſellors without ſurpriſe
Found wit and prudence ſparkling in his eyes;
Wiſdom that was not gain'd in courſe of years,
Or rev'rence owing to his hoary hairs,
But ſtruck by force of genius, ſuch as drove
The goddeſs Pallas from the brain of Jove.
The youth of France with pleaſure look'd to ſee
His graceful mien and beauteous ſymmetry:
The virgins ran as to unuſual ſhow
When he to Paris came and Fontainbleau,
Viewing the blooming miniſter deſir'd,
And ſtill the more they gaz'd the more admir'd.
Nor did the Court, that beſt true grandeur knows,
Their ſentiments by leſſer facts diſcloſe,
By common pomp or ceremonious train
Seen heretofore, or to be ſeen again;
But they devis'd new honours yet unknown,
Or paid to any ſubject of a crown.
The Gallick king, in age and counſels wiſe,
Sated with war, and weary of diſguiſe,
With open arms ſalutes the Britiſh peer,
And gladly owns his prince and character.
As Hermes from the throne of Jove deſcends
With grateful errand to Heav'n's choiceſt friends,

As Iris from the bed of Juno flies
To bear her queen's commands thro' yielding ſkies,
Whilſt o'er her wings freſh beams of glory flow,
And blended colours paint her wondrous bow;
So Bolingbroke appears in Louis' ſight
With meſſage heav'nly, and with equal light
Diſpels all clouds of doubt and fear of wars,
And in his miſtreſs' name for peace declares:
Accents divine! which the great king receives
With the ſame grace that mighty Anna gives.
Let others boaſt of blood, the ſpoil of foes,
Rapine and murder, and of endleſs woes,
Deteſted pomp! and trophies gain'd from far,
With ſpangled enſigns ſtreaming in the air;
Count how they made Bavarian ſubjects feel
The rage of fire and edge of harden'd ſteel;
Fatal effects of foul inſatiate pride,
That deal their wounds alike on either ſide,
No limits ſet to their ambitious ends,
For who bounds them no longer can be friends;
By diff'rent methods Bolingbroke ſhall raiſe
His growing honours and immortal praiſe.
He, fir'd with glory and the publick good,
Betwixt the people and their danger ſtood:
Arm'd with convincing truths he did appear,
And all he ſaid was ſparkling, bright, and clear.
The liſt'ning Senate with attention heard,
And ſome admir'd while others trembling fear'd;

Not from the tropes of formal eloquence,
But Demoſthenick ſtrength and weight of ſenſe,
Such as fond Oxford to her ſon ſupply'd,
Deſign'd her own as well as Britain's pride;
Who, leſs beholden to the ancient ſtrains,
Might ſhew a nobler blood in Engliſh veins,
Outdo whatever Homer ſweetly ſung
Of Neſtor's counſels or Ulyſſes' tongue.
Oh! all ye Nymphs! whilſt time and youth allow
Prepare the roſe and lily for his brow.
Much he has done, but ſtill has more in view,
To Anna's int'reſt and his country true.
More I could propheſy, but muſt refrain:
Such truths would make another mortal vain.

THE EAGLE AND THE ROBIN.

An Apologue translated from the original of Æsop, written two thousand Years since, and now rendered in familiar Verse by H. G. L. Mag.

Good precepts and true gold are more valuable for their antiquity; and here I present my good reader with one delivered by the first founder of mythology, Æsop himself. Maximus Planudes takes notice of it as a very excellent part of his production; and Phædrus, Camerarius, and others, seem to agree that his Eagle, and five others not yet translated, are equal to any of his that are handed down to us. Though Mr. Ogleby and Sir Roger L'Estrange had the unhappiness to be unacquainted with them, yet I had the good fortune to discover them by the removal of my old library, which has made me amends for the trouble of getting to where I now teach. They were written, or dictated at least, by Æsop in the fifty-fourth Olympiad; and though I designed them chiefly for the use of my school, (this being translated by a youth designed for a Greek professor) yet no man is so wise as not to need instruction, ay, and by the way of fable too, since the Holy Scriptures themselves, the best instructers, teach us by way of parable, symbol, image, and figure: and David was more moved with Nathan's "Thou art the man," than all the most rigid lectures in the world would have done. Whoever will be at

the trouble of comparing this verſion with the original, let them begin at the tenth line, and they will find it metaphraſtically done *verbum verbo*, as the beſt way of juſtice to the author. Thoſe that are mere adorers of ψίλοι λόγοι will not be angry that it is in this ſort of metre, for which I gave leave, the lad having a turn to this ſort of meaſure, which is pleaſant and agreeable, though not lofty. For my own part, I concur with my maſter Ariſtotle that ῥυθμὸς ϗ ἁρμονία are very far from being unneceſſary or unpleaſant. May this be of uſe to thee, and it will pleaſe thine in all good wiſhes, HORAT. GRAM.

THE EAGLE AND THE ROBIN.

A Lady * liv'd in former days
That well deſerv'd the utmoſt praiſe,
For greatneſs, birth, and juſtice, fam'd,
And ev'ry virtue could be nam'd,
Which made her courſe of life ſo ev'n
That ſhe is a ſaint (if dead) in heav'n.
This lady had a little ſeat
Juſt like a palace it was ſo neat,
From aught but goodneſs her retreat.
One morning, in her giving way,
As was her cuſtom ev'ry day,
To cheer the poor, the ſick, and cold,
Or with apparel, food, or gold,
There came a gazing ſtranger by
On whom ſhe quickly caſt an eye.
The man admiring made a ſtand;
He had a bird upon his hand:
"What is that," ſays ſhe, "that hangs its head?
"Sinking and faint! it is almoſt dead."
"Madam, a Redbreaſt that I found,
"By this wet ſeaſon almoſt drown'd."

* Queen Anne. If the reader recollects the change which ſhe made in her miniſtry in 1709, the year in which this poem was written, and looks into our Author's Rufinus, or, The Favourite, the political moral of this apologue will appear evident.

"O! bring him in and keep him warm;
"Robins do never any harm."
They ſoon obey'd, and chopt him meat,
Gave him whatever he would eat;
The lady care herſelf did take,
And made a neſt for Robin's ſake:
But he perkt up into her chair,
In which he plenteouſly did fare,
Aſſuming quite another air.
The neighbours thought when this they ſpy'd
The world well mended on his ſide.
With welltun'd throat he whiſtled long,
And ev'ry body lik'd his ſong.
"At laſt," ſaid they, "this little thing
"Will kill itſelf ſo long to ſing;
"We 'll cloſet him among the reſt
"Of thoſe my lady loves the beſt."
They little thought that ſaw him come
That Robins were ſo quarrelſome.
The door they open'd, in he pops,
And to the higheſt perch he hops;
The party-colour'd birds he choſe,
The gold finches, and ſuch as thoſe;
With them he 'd peck, and bill, and feed,
And very well (at times) agreed:
Canary birds were his delight,
With them he 'd *tête-à-tête* all night;

But the brown linnets went to pot;
He kill'd them all upon the ſpot.
The ſervants were employ'd each day
Inſtead of work to part ſome fray,
And wiſh'd the awkward fellow curſt
That brought him to my lady firſt:
At laſt they all reſolv'd upon it
Some way to tell my lady on it.
Meanwhile he 'd had a noble ſwing,
And rul'd juſt like the Gallick king;
Having kill'd or wounded all
Unleſs the Eagle in the hall,
With whom he durſt but only jar,
He being the very ſoul of war,
But hated him for his deſert,
And bore him malice at his heart.
This Eagle was my lady's pride,
The guardian ſafety of her ſide;
He often brought home foreign prey,
Which humbly at her feet he lay;
For colour, pinions, and ſtature,
The faireſt workmanſhip of Nature;
'Twould do one good to ſee him move,
So full of grandeur, grace, and love;
He was indeed a bird for Jove.
He ſoar'd aloft in Brucum's field,
And thouſand kites and vultures kill'd,

Which made him dear to all that flew,
Unleſs to Robin and his crew.
One day poor Bob, puff'd up with pride,
Thinking the combat to abide,
A gooſequill on for weapon ty'd,
Knowing by uſe that now and then
A ſword leſs hurt does than a pen.
As for example—What at home
You 've well contriv'd to do at Rome
A pen blows up—before you come.
You are ſuppos'd to undermine
The foe—in ſome immenſe deſign.
A pen can bite you with a line;
There is forty ways to give a ſign.
Well—all on fire away he ſtalk'd,
Till come to—where the Eagle walk'd.
Bob did not ſhill-I-ſhall-I go,
Nor ſaid one word of friend or foe,
But flirting at him made a blow,
As gamecocks with their gantlets do;
At which the Eagle gracefully
Caſt a diſdaining ſparkling eye,
As who ſhould ſay—" What is this, a fly?
But no revenge at all did take;
He ſpar'd him for their lady's ſake,
Who ponder'd theſe things in her mind,
And took th' conduct of th' Eagle kind.

Upon reflection now—to ſhow
What harm the leaſt of things may do,
Mad Robin with his curſed flirt
One of the Eagle's * eyes had hurt,
Inflam'd it, made it red and ſore,
But the affront inflam'd it more.
Oh, how the family did tear!
To fire the houſe could ſcarce forbear:
With ſcorn not pain the Eagle fir'd
Murmur'd diſdain, and ſo retir'd.
  Robin to offer ſome relief
In words like theſe would heal their grief:
" Should th' Eagle die (which Heav'n forbid!)
" We ought ſome other to provide.
" I do not ſay that any now
" Are fit, but in a year or two;
" And ſhould this mighty warriour fall
" They ſhould not want a general."
  As men have long obſerv'd that one
Misfortune ſeldom comes alone,
Juſt in the moment this was done
Ten thouſand foes in ſight were come;
Vultures and kites, and birds of prey,
In flocks ſo thick—they darken'd day.
A long-concerted force and ſtrong,
Vermine of all kinds made the throng;

* Οφθαλμος amongſt the Greeks ſignifies " Honour as " tender as the eye." *King.*

Foxes were in the faction join'd,
Who waited their approach to ground.
 By ev'ry hand from common fame
The frightful face of danger came.
One cries, " What help now—who can tell?
" I 'm glad the Eagle is here and well!"
Another out of breath with fear
Says " Thouſands more near ſea appear;
" They 'll ſweep our chicken from the door;
" We never were ſo ſet before:
" We 're glad the Eagle will forget,
" And the invaders kill or beat."
 Reſerv'd and great, his noble mind,
Above all petty things inclin'd,
Abhorr'd the thoughts of any thing
But what his lady's peace could bring,
Who bleſs'd him firſt, and bad him do
As he was wont, and beat the foe.
 Burning and reſtleſs as the ſun
Until this willing work was done,
He whets his talons, ſtretch'd his wings,
His light'ning darts, and terrour flings,
Tow'rs with a flight into the ſky
Theſe million monſters to deſcry,
Prepar'd to conquer or to die.
 The party that ſo far was come
Thought not the Eagle was at home;

To fame and danger us'd in field
They knew he 'd quickly make them yield:
But on aſſurance he was near,
Incumber'd, faint, and dead with fear,
They made with hurry tow'rds the lakes,
And he his pinions o'er them ſhakes.
They had not (with ſuch horrour fill'd)
The courage to let one be kill'd:
They fled, and left no foe behind
Unleſs it were the fleeting wind;
Only—a man by water took
Two fine young merlins and a rook.
 The family had now repoſe,
But with the ſun the Eagle roſe;
Th' imperial bird purſu'd the foe,
More toil than reſt inur'd to know.
He wing'd his way to Latian land
Where firſt was hatch'd this murd'ring band;
He darted death where'er he came,
Some of them dying at his name.
Their mighty foe—a fatal pledge,
Their bowels tore thro' ev'ry hedge;
They flutter, ſhriek, and caw, and hiſs,
Their ſtrength decays and fears increaſe,
But moſt the chevaliers the geeſe.
So many ſlaughter'd fowl there was
Their carcaſſes block'd up the ways;

The reſt he drove, half ſpent, pellmell,
Quite to the walls of Pontifell.
Robin at home, tho' mad to hear
He ſhou'd ſo conquer ev'ry where,
Expoſtulated thus with fear:
" Ungrateful I that ſo have ſtirr'd
" Againſt this gen'rous noble bird:
" Waſt thou not firſt by him preferr'd?
" Let 's leave him in his gall to burn,
" And back to Pontifell return."
There ſome to chimneytops aſpire,
To turrets ſome that could fly higher;
Some 'bove a hundred miles were gone
To rooſt them at Byzantium.
Alas! in vain was their pretence;
He broke thro' all their ſtrong defence:
Down went their fences, wires, and all;
Perches and birds together fall.
None hop'd his power to withſtand,
But gave the neſt to his command;
They told him of ten thouſand more
In flocks along the Ganges' ſhore,
Safe in their furrows, free from trouble,
Like partridges among the ſtubble.
He ſpreads himſelf and cuts the air,
And ſteady flight ſoon brought him there.
Lord, how deceiv'd and vex'd he was
To find they were but mere jackdaws!

A hundred thouſand all in flight,
They all could chatter, not one fight.
" I'll deal by them as is their due :
" Shough!" cry'd the Eagle; " off they flew :"
His flaſhing eyes their heart confounds,
Tho' by their flight ſecure from wounds,
Which was a ſignal, fatal baulk
To a late ſwift Italian hawk.
The Eagle would no reſt afford
Till he had ſent my lady word,
Who when ſhe heard the dear ſurpriſe
Wonder and joy ſtood in her eyes.
" My faithful Eagle! haſt thou then
" My mortal foes deſtroy'd again?
" Return, return, and on me wait;
" Be thou the guardian of my gate:
" Thee and thy friends are worth my care;
" Thy foes (if any ſuch there are)
" Shall my avenging anger ſhare."
So—leſt new ills ſhou'd intervene
She turn'd the Robin out again.
The Samians now in vaſt delight
Bleſs their good lady day and night,
Wiſh that her life might ne'er be done,
But everlaſting as the ſun.
The Eagle high again did ſoar,
The lady was diſturb'd no more,
But all things flouriſh'd as before.

ROBIN REDBREAST, WITH THE BEASTS,

AN OLD CAT'S PROPHECY *;

Taken out of an old Copy of Verses supposed to be writ by John Lidgate, a Monk of Bury.

ONE that had in her infant state,
While playing at her father's gate,
Seen and was most hugely smitten
With young Dog and dirty Kitten,
Had took them up and lugg'd them in,
And made the servants wash them clean.
When she to a fit age was grown
To be sole mistress of her own,
Then to her favour and strange trust
She rais'd these two; in rank the first
The Dog, who with gilt collar grac'd
Strutted about. The Cat was plac'd
O'er all the house to domineer,
And kept each wight of her in fear,
While he o'er all the plains had pow'r,
That savage wolves might not devour
Her flocks. She gave him charge great care
To take: but beasts uncertain are!
Now see by these what troubles rise
To those who in their choice unwise

* The political drift of this pretended Prophecy is still more evident than that of the preceding poem, the satire being abundantly more personal.

Put truſt in ſuch; for he ſoon join'd;
With beaſt of prey the Dog combin'd,
Who kill'd the Sheep and tore the Hind,
While he would ſtand, and grin, and bark,
Concealing thus his dealings dark.
A Wolf or ſo ſometimes he 'd take,
And then O what a noiſe he 'd make!
But with wild beaſts o'errun yet are
The plains; ſome die for want of fare,
Or torn or kill'd: the ſhepherds find
Each day are loſt of ev'ry kind.
Thy ſilly Sheep lament in vain;
Of their hard fate not him complain.
The ſhepherds and the ſervants all
Againſt the traitor loudly bawl:
But there was none that dar'd to tell
Their lady what to them befel;
For Puſs a Fox of wondrous art
Brought in to help and take their part,
By whoſe aſſiſtance to deceive
She made her ev'ry lie believe.
One lucky day when ſhe was walking
In her woods, with ſervants talking,
And ſtopp'd to hear how very well
A Redbreaſt ſung, then him to dwell
With her ſhe call'd. He came, and took
His place next to a fav'rite Rook,
Where Robin ſoon began to ſing
Such ſongs as made the houſe to ring:

He ſung the loſs and death of Sheep,
In notes that made the lady weep;
How for his charge the Dog unfit
Took part with foes, and ſhepherds bit;
Ev'n from his birth he did him trace,
And ſhew him cur of ſhabby race;
The firſt by wand'ring beggars fed,
His ſire advanc'd turn'd ſpit for bread;
Himſelf each truſt had ſtill abus'd;
To ſteal what he ſhou'd guard was us'd
From puppy; known where'er he came
Both vile and baſe, and void of ſhame.
The Cat he ſung, that none could match
For venom'd ſpite or cruel ſcratch;
That from a witch transform'd ſhe came,
Who kitten'd three of equal fame:
This firſt one dead, of tabby fur
The third ſurvives; much noiſe of her
Had been; a Cat well known; with eaſe
On errands dark o'er land and ſeas
She 'd journies take to cub of Bear,
From theſe intriguing beaſts, who ſwear
They 'll bring him to defend the wrong
That they have done. Again he ſung
How Tabby once in moonlight night
Trotted with letter Fox did write,
In which he ſends his beſt reſpects
To the ſhe bear, and thus directs:

"Madam," said he, "your cub safe send,
"None shall his worship soon offend;
"It is all I can at present do
"To serve him, as his friends well know."
At this the Beasts grew in such rage
That none their fury could assuage;
Nay, Puss her lady would have scratch'd,
And tore her eyes, but she was watch'd;
For she'd set up her back and mew,
And thrice ev'n in her face she flew.
The Dog, like an ungrateful spark,
At her wou'd dare to snarl and bark.
Her tenants wond'ring stood to hear
That she their insolence wou'd bear,
And offer'd their assistance to
Soon make them better manners know:
But she, t' avoid all farther rout,
Her window op'ning turn'd Bob out,
Hoping that then her Beasts wou'd live
In peace, and no disturbance give.
Yet nothing she can do avails;
Their rage against her still prevails,
Tho' Puss was warn'd to fear their fate
In lines (by old Prophetic Cat
Writ before her transformation,
When she was in the witch's station)
Foretelling thus: "When Beasts are grown
"To certain heights before unknown

" Of human race, ſome ſhall aloud .
" Inflame and arm a dreadful crowd,
" Who in vaſt numbers ſhall advance,
" And to new tunes ſhall make them dance:
" When this begins no longer hope,
" For all remains is ax and rope."
But not deterr'd by this, they dar'd,
With ſome who of their plunder ſhar'd,
T' affront their lady, and conſpire
To many with her money hire,
Contemning her, to pay undue
Regards unto this beſtial crew;
Tho' theſe reſembled human ſhapes,
They were indeed no more than Apes,
Who ſome in houſe, and ſome in wood,
And others in high boxes ſtood,
That chatt'ring made ſuch noiſe and ſtir,
How all was due to Fox and Cur,
Till by their falſe deluding way
She found her flocks begin to ſtray.
Still Robin does for her his care
And zeal expreſs; on whom yet are
His thoughts all fix'd: on her he dreams
Each night; her praiſes are his themes
In ſongs all day. Now perch'd on tree,
Finding himſelf ſecure and free,
He pertly ſhakes his little wings,
Sets up his throat; again he ſings

" That ſhe had left no other way
" To ſave her flocks and end this fray
" But ſoon to her aſſiſtance take
" One who could make theſe monſters ſhake;
" A well-known huntſman, who has ſkill
" The ſierceſt beaſts to tame or kill:
" At her command he 'd come, and he
" Would make her great and ſet them free;
" That ſhou'd theſe Beaſts ſome evil day
" Bring Cub into her grounds, ſhe may
" Depend that not herſelf they 'll ſpare,
" Since to inſult her now they dare:
" All ſhe at beſt can hope for then
" Is to be ſafe ſhut up in den;
" Since by ſure ſigns all theſe ingrate
" Are known to bear her deadly hate."
He ends his ſong, and prays to Heav'n
That ſhe may have the wiſdom giv'n
Before it be too late, to take
Such reſolutions as may make
Her ſafe, and that theſe Beaſts no more
To ravage in the plains have pow'r.

BIBLIOTHECA; A POEM;

OCCASIONED BY THE SIGHT OF

A MODERN LIBRARY.

WITH

SOME VERY USEFUL EPISODES AND DIGRESSIONS *.

———Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius magnas plerunque secat res.
———Utile dulci. HOR.

TO the most noble Prince Henry Duke of Beaufort, Marquis and Earl of Worcester, Earl of Glamorgan, Baron Herbert, Lord of Chepstow, Ragland, and Gower, and the illustrious Brotherhood† over which his Grace presides, this Poem is humbly dedicated by their most obedient, most dutiful, and humble servant.

THE tea was sipp'd, Ocella gone
To regulate affairs alone,

* This is ascribed to Dr. King upon conjecture only. It was published in 1712, the winter before he died, by his bookseller, inscribed to his patron, and is very much in his manner: his name is accordingly affixed to the author's notes. The poem is on many accounts worth preserving; and if it is not Dr. King's, it is at least not by an inferiour writer.

† The Duke was Captain of the band of Gentlemen Pensioners.

Though the interests of virtue and religion are best secured by the severest reason and argument, yet I hope a less solemn recommendation of them to the world may not be esteemed a prejudice to either. How oft' has a stubborn folly been successfully arraigned by a candid and easy rebuke, which had long maintained itself against a more powerful though a less familiar conviction! If we can smile away the follies of an adversary, sport with his vanities, and laugh him into a sense of his errours, why should we forfeit that exquisite pleasure of complacency and good humour which a malicious conflict

When from the marriage lumber freed
The Doctor with himself decreed
To nod—or, much the same, to read.
He always seem'd a wondrous lover
Of painted leaf and Turkey cover,

with a rival would most certainly deprive us of? If we miscarry in an attempt of this nature our defeat would be the less dishonourable, because we seemed only to play and trifle with the mistakes of an author; but should we, under the mask of a little raillery, wit, and good humour, obtain our end, it would double our satisfaction as well as the glory of our conquest. Two important debates of the utmost consequence in religion (Eachard's Contempt of the Clergy, and Philautus and Timothy) have with wonderful applause lately appeared in the world; the beauties of their authors' style, the purity of their diction, the elegant turn of thought, and above all a torrent of severe but good-natured wit, drew a thousand readers to peruse an hypothesis they little imagined ever to espouse; but they were insensibly deluded into good principles, and betrayed into a conviction of those very truths they came on purpose to deride and ridicule: where they expected to gratify a fancy only, they found a more real advantage in the reformation of their judgment, and from admirers of the authors' wit and beauties became at last proselytes to their opinions. If in two or three instances I have transgressed my own rules, the fool or the knave must be imagined very notorious; and that those tender and merciful lashes that were judged sufficient for little offenders would hardly have reached the vanities of the one or the villanies of the other: and if I am thought to have injured any person in his character, or to have said as much as I am able, I must beg leave to assure the world that it was owing to abundance of humanity and good-nature I did not say a great deal more; and would rather advise them to sit easy and quiet under the innocent rebukes of a satire, than provoke others to prepare that correction which their ignorance, their impudence, or both, have so justly deserved. *King.*

While no regard at all was had
To fots in homely ruffet clad,
Concluding he muft be within
A calf that wore without his fkin.
Scott * if in rags was not admir'd,
While Lacy † feem'd as much infpir'd,
And in rich purple nicely dreft
Difcours'd as faintly as the beft.
Great Sherlock, Barrow, and thofe few
That teach our paffions to fubdue,
Without gilt backs he would defpife,
Which feem'd at beft but dully wife;
And Bunyan's Pilgrim fhew'd the way
To Paradife as well as they.
  But tho' his thoughts were fix'd to read
The treatife was not yet decreed;
Uncertain to devote the day
To politicks or elfe to play,
What theme would beft his genius fuit,
Grave morals or a dull difpute;
Where both contending champions boaft
The victory which neither loft,
As chiefs are oft' in ftory read
Each to purfue when neither fled ‡.

* John Scott, D. D. author of The Chriftian Life, 5 vols.

† A whimfical odd fellow, and a preacher among the Camifars. *King.*——Lacy was one of thofe enthufiafts who fupported the French prophets.

‡ See the battle of Mons 1709. *King.*

He enters now the ſhining dome
Where crowded authors ſweat for room;
So cloſe a man could hardly ſay
Which were more fix'd the ſhelves or they.
Each with his golden title tells
It's author's name and where he dwells,
And to enlarge his credit more
Directs us to his very door,
Boaſting of wonders to be ſeen
If we have faith to look within.
To pleaſe the eye the higheſt ſpace
A ſet of wooden volumes grace;
Pure timber authors! that contain
As much as ſome that boaſt a brain;
That Alma Mater never view'd
Without degrees to writers hew'd;
Yet ſolid thus juſt emblem ſhow
Of the dull brotherhood below,
Smiling their rivals to ſurvey
As great and real blocks as they.
Diſtinguiſh'd then in even rows
Here ſhines the verſe and there the proſe;
(For tho' Britannia fairer looks
United, it is not ſo with books.)
The champions of each different art
Had ſtations all aſſign'd apart,
Fearing the rival chiefs might be
For quarrels ſtill, nor dead agree.

The Schoolmen first in long array
Their bulky lumber round display,
Seem'd to lament their wretched doom,
And hea.e for more convenient room,
While doctrine each of weight contains
To crack his shelves as well as brains,
Since all with him were thought to dream
That flagg'd before they fill'd a rheam;
His authors wisely taught to prize
Not for their merit but their size:
No surer method ever found
Than buying writers by the pound;
For Heav'n must needs his breast inspire
That scribbling fill'd each month a quire,
And claim'd a station on his shelves
Who scorn'd each sot who fool'd in twelves.
Say, Goddess! thou that tak'st delight
To live and lodge with folks that write,
What numbers justly may describe
The orders of the learned tribe?
Fierce wits that long at variance stood,
And drew much ink but little blood,
Each others' pardon now implore,
The cudgels drop and snarl no more,
And filling now the selfsame place
No longer combat but embrace.
Here vanquish'd Bentley, dreading still
The force of Boyle's victorious quill,

All ſuppliant now devoutly ſwore
He ne'er wou'd queſtion Æſop more,
But own each page authentick ſtood
Some centuries before the flood;
Who tho' the tyrant's bull of braſs
Did for a mighty wonder paſs,
On purpoſe wrote to have it known
He made much bigger of his own.
Maurus * and Garth their feuds ſurvive,
And here in endleſs friendſhip live;
Kindly concording, now impart
Their healing pow'r and rhyming art;
Unrivall'd heroes both confeſt
To cloſe a life or break a jeſt,
And both with both Apollo's † bleſt.
But who can mention Maurus' name
Without a line to crown his fame?
Upon whoſe brows inſpiring hung
Large poppy wreaths whene'er he ſung,
Whoſe kindred rhymes their nature keep,
Gently diſpoſing folks to ſleep.
Then ſay, great Mirror of our time!
(Not half ſo fam'd for cures as rhyme)
Why ſhouldſt thou other means purſue
To heal with drugs when verſe will do?
Five tender diſtichs from thoſe ſtrains
Where Arthur moans and Job complains

* Sir Richard Blackmore.
† The god of Medicine and Verſe.

Shall ever boaſt a pow'r to ſteep
The wakefull'ſt eyes in downy ſleep.
When ſtrongeſt opiates nought avail
Preſcribe thy Muſe; it will never fail:
Ne'er trouble phyſick with a cure;
Each page of thine will work as ſure:
With whatſoever ills oppreſt
'Tis ſure to give thy patient reſt.
See next the Mantuan bard appears,
And in his hand th' Æneid bears;
Ten thouſand laurels round him ſpread
Bloom ready to adorn his head,
Their greens too languid to beſtow
That fame which to his verſe we owe.
Such magick fills each heav'nly line,
We read, and reading grow divine!
Conſcious we feel the ecſtaſy,
And ſeem inſpir'd as well as he;
With him we ſoaring gain the ſkies,
Yet know not whence or how we riſe.
But ſee what clouds of ſullen wo
Sadly obſcure his laurell'd brow!
While the bright glory that ſurrounds
His ſacred head his ſorrow drowns
In vain the weeping Muſe eſſays
To eaſe his grief with proffer'd bays;
Tho' fam'd beyond the ſtarry ſky
She vow'd th' Æneid ne'er ſhou'd die!

But while we thus his grief explore,
Oh! view the cauſe, nor wonder more:
See cloſely fix'd on either hand
His two tranſlators * near him ſtand,
Oblig'd to hear them both rehearſe
His wondrous ſong in doggrel verſe,
Thus doom'd to all ſucceeding times
To gingle in dull Britiſh rhymes.
" He never thought, great Bard! to ſee
" His Roman ladies ſipping tea,
" Divine Lavinia taking ſnuff,
" Or grave Æneas charge in buff,
" Againſt his Latian foes advance
" With muſket now inſtead of lance,
" While mighty Turnus owes his fall
" Not to a jav'lin but a ball,
" Shot thro' the belly in the fray,
" Expiring a genteeler way."
Had Withers, Shirley, or the good
Laureate of Cambridge near him ſtood,
No wrinkle had been ſeen; nay more,
Ev'n R———ll's ſelf he could have bore,
(Where Nature taking wondrous pains
To furniſh guts ne'er thought of brains)
But doom'd to periſh by a foe,
Yet hug the arm that gave the blow;
A fate was look'd on too ſevere
For Heav'n to fix or him to bear.

* Ogleby and Lauderdale. *King.*

So much unlike appear'd their ſtrains
To thoſe he ſung on Latian plains,
(Begging their readers to diſpenſe
With pretty cuts inſtead of ſenſe)
That from thoſe lines their pencil drew
Scarce his own ſelf great Maro knew,
Till honeſt Loggan * let him ſee
In copperplates it muſt be he;
No longer then he could refuſe,
But from the cuts confeſs'd the Muſe.
Oh! who can view without a tear
Great Pindar's Muſe and D'Urfey near?
Whoſe ſoaring wit ne'er higher flew
Than to endite for Barthol'mew,
Setting for ſots at country fairs
Dull bawdy ſongs to Purcell's airs;
But here how ſweetly they combine,
Their fancies club and numbers join!
While the bold Grecian nobly ſings
Of gods, of heroes, and of kings,
And ſomething more than mortal fire
Exalts his voice and warms his lyre,
That fir'd with each tranſporting page
We feel his heat and catch his rage;
While each immortal warriour's name
His Muſe tranſmits to deathleſs fame,
Green wreaths upon their hearſe beſtows,
And ev'ry wound immortal grows!

* An engraver of ſingular eminence.

But much, oh! very much below
Our meek Pindaricks gently flow,
In soft and easy metre creep,
And just oblige us not to sleep
While lovers storm and heroes weep.
Let thy dull Pegasus no more
To Lyrick song attempt to soar,
Nor with thy weight presume to rise
With rival strength above the skies,
Which trots much better than he flies.
Let Pindar's Muse record the flames
Of heav'nly nymphs, celestial dames;
Be thou content to whine, and tell
How Strephon charm'd and Phyllis fell;
Or with that willow grace thy song
Where late despairing Chloe hung,
While the sad tree the story owns,
Sprouting each May with sighs and groans,
Which fann'd with zephirs never fail
To waft abroad the doleful tale,
And shall to future times remain
Sacred to Love and Chloe slain.
Bright heroes in thy list shall stand
In modern brunts that held command,
Whose bold adventures shall outshine
The heroes all of Cæsar's line.
Brave Arthur and his daring crew
Shall kill each mother's son they view,

And great Pendragon's fatal blade
Convert each foe into a ſhade;
Guy for Alcides ſhall command,
And Highgate for Olympus ſtand.
See next, in purple ſeated high,
A dazzling wit * attracts the eye,
Inviting with his radiant hue
If not to read at leaſt to view;
Tho' his dark low'ring aſpect ſhows
That Nature meant the fool for proſe,
To waſte his little ſenſe and time
In broaching any thing but rhyme.
Yet by degrees the wretch aroſe
To trade in verſe from vending hoſe †,
And ſtill in Nature's ſpite thinks meet
Tho' not in ſocks to deal in feet.
The toothleſs ſatire that he writes
No other but its author bites,
(Like thoſe miſtaken curs of yore
That for the ſtag their maſter tore)
Where harmleſs Pun and witty Clinch
Mumble ſometimes but never pinch,
And aiming at a wound are ſure
To give us ſmiles and work our cure.
Hadſt thou no other damning crime
Juſtice might fairly urge thy rhyme:

* De Foe: he wrote a dull ſcandalous libel on all the Engliſh nobility, called The trueborn Engliſhman. *King.*

† De Foe's firſt profeſſion.

Heav'n's votaries have ſtill pretence
To piety, at leaſt to ſenſe;
But villains dull as well as rude
A double juſtice muſt exclude.
If e'er thy ſins thou doſt rehearſe
Be ſure in tears clap in thy verſe;
Pardon for that with ſighs implore,
Confeſs thy guilt and write no more;
Content to match thy fame with thoſe
That live and aſſes die in proſe;
But if no counſel can reclaim
Thy daring pen, and fancy tame,
That engine view *, where lately hung
Thy Muſe and thee exalted ſung:
Let that at leaſt engage thy fears,
And drop thy pen to ſave thy ears.
Oh, of what ſtrange and pow'rful uſe
Are pill'ries to inſpire a Muſe!
Hark, in what hymns and grateful lays
The pendent bard reſounds their praiſe!
From rotten eggs that round him flew
His happy inſpirations drew,
Whoſe balmy ſcent inſpir'd his vein
To ſend them back in verſe again.
Oh, help, Apollo! now is the time
To ſave thy ſon for future rhyme!

* He wrote an infamous libel called The Shorteſt Way, for which he was apprehended and ſtood in the pillory, to which afterwards he wrote a Hymn. *King.*

See on his wooden throne difmay'd
He peeping thro' implores thy aid,
The only time he ever pray'd;
And begs thee to relieve his wants
In Helicon or kinder Nantz,
A liquor of as fov'reign ufe
As Aganippe's noble juice
To raife and cheer his drooping Mufe!
See round his venerable head
Bright turnip greens for laurel fpread!
The luftre that his temples crown'd
In fable fhow'rs of ordure drown'd!
Yet, Phœbus! let this wretch furvive;
Revenge thyfelf and let him live!
(Ador'd by thofe his faucy Mufe
In fcoundrel fatire durft abufe,
Where oft' the ftarving villain fed,
Cring'd for a groat, and fawn'd for bread)
Atoning thus for each offence
Committed againft thee and fenfe,
Till all the ftuff the idiot wrote
Will fcarce gain credit for a groat,
Till, ftarv'd and rotting in a jail,
He trucks his poetry for ale;
(Too richly paid if his three parts
Will fetch him in as many quarts)
And fhould his boafted labours bring
But pence befide to buy a ftring,

Let him th' experiment to try
Swing his own Shorteſt Way and die!
Chaucer, the chief of all the throng
That whilom dealt in ancient ſong
(Whoſe laurell'd fame ſhall never ceaſe
While wit can charm or humour pleaſe)
Lies all in tatters on the ground,
With duſt inſtead of laurels crown'd,
Teaching mankind that poets have
With vulgar wits one common grave;
That all their boaſted labours muſt
Like other folks ſubmit to duſt,
Partake their fate the common way,
And verſe itſelf be turn'd to clay;
That none ſhall tell while mix'd we lie
Which mighty Spenſer was, which I,
Nor, in one common dungeon thruſt,
John Dryden's from John Bunyan's duſt:
Empty alike both ſkulls we view,
Of the ſame thickneſs, form, and hue,
Unknowing now which pate contains
The greater ſtock of ſenſe or brains;
While Bunyan here is ev'ry whit
As bright, and looks as like a wit;
For the grim jaw of hungry Time
Has no regard at all for rhyme,
But bluntly down together mows
Wits fam'd for verſe as well as proſe,

Commanding oft' the ſelfſame hearſe.
To hide the poet and the verſe,
While ſweetly in one common fire
The labour and the bard expire.
This Tutchin found, whoſe works a while
With melting ſoftneſs charm'd our iſle,
But when their dying lord withdrew
They took the hint and vaniſh'd too:
Thus Job * and thus the Britiſh Prince *
Were once, but never heard of ſince.
The Muſe that in immortal lays
So nobly ſung Eliza's praiſe,
(Extoll'd beneath a fancy'd name,
No Fairy but a Britiſh dame)
With all his boaſted pow'r to ſave
All other laurels from the grave,
In a dark corner rudely thrown
Now wants a pow'r to ſave his own:
Tho' Heav'n itſelf his boſom fir'd,
And all the god his breaſt inſpir'd,
That Phœbus ſelf from Spenſer's Muſe
Might ſofter ſtrains and numbers chuſe,
Make Daphne liſten to his lay,
And force the flying nymph to ſtay,
With all his wit deſerves no more
Than a poor ſhelf behind the door;

* Two poems by Sir Richard Blackmore. *King*.

His heroes in each warlike page
In hotter feuds muſt now engage,
And foes more dreadful here withſtand
Than all they drubb'd in Fairy Land.
Regardleſs now of raviſh'd dame
Each guards a cuſtard from the flame,
Tho' whilom they diſdain'd to lie
Beneath ſo weak an enemy.
Brave Gyon and Sir Britomart
Inſtead of nymphs protect a tart;
Tho' once averſe to warm deſire
Are deſtin'd now to fall by fire;
All his brave chiefs in order fry,
And ev'ry warriour ſaves a pie.
  Melodious Wither by himſelf
In learned tatters bends a ſhelf,
Tho' none ſo baſe as to diſpute
His title to a better ſuit;
He ſadly moans, expos'd to air,
His cover thin and liv'ry bare,
Grinning with envy to behold
His meaner rivals ſhine in gold.
Thy dying Muſe when urg'd by Fate
Might ſure have claim'd to lie in ſtate;
Tho' living ſcorn'd, and never read,
Like other things admir'd when dead;
But ſee! ſhe hardly is allow'd,
Mingled among the common crowd,
The wretched honours of a ſhroud,

But both together muſt decay,
Kindly conſume and turn to clay:
No curious eye ſhall e'er preſume
To alter her appointed doom,
Her peaceful labours to moleſt,
But ſeal them up in endleſs reſt,
That ſleep allow her in the grave
Which ſhe to all when living gave!
  Cloſe by the door, if not behind,
Poor Ovid had a place aſſign'd,
And in a muſty corner pent
Begg'd for a ſecond baniſhment;
With all his wit cloſe ramm'd between
Two rival bards of Aberdeen,
The firſt of all the northern clime
That turn'd adventurers in rhyme,
To teach mankind and let them ſee
How zeal and verſe may well agree,
And that ſuch pious folks as they
Can rhyme ſometimes as well as pray.
Inſtead of Aganippe's flood
From Britiſh ſtreams each drank as good,
And boaſted hills as high as that
Where Phœbus and his Muſes ſat,
With this ſmall difference alone,
That had two heads and our's but one!
Tho' no ſoft Tiber rolls along
To aid their verſe and raiſe their ſong,

Great Humber's ſtream and Solway's tide
As full of inſpiration glide;
With fancies fraught their waters flow,
And roll with raptures as they go!
Inſtead of Virgil's ſacred page
That us'd his wonder to engage,
He now attends the rigid fights
Of doughty heroes, hardy knights,
One leg lopp'd off, that urg'd her foe
As fierce as when they fought on two!
For Turnus great Argyle commands,
And Douglas for Æneas ſtands.
Tho' Kincardine appear too long
To rhyme in verſe and Britiſh ſong,
What hero in the Latian Muſe
E'er founded half ſo big as Bruce!
Entail'd more glory on his race
Than his bold ſword in Chevy Chaſe!
Where doughty chiefs renown'd for fight
Obſcur'd the Roman valour quite,
Whoſe ſilly arms upon record
Were only vulgar pike and ſword,
While theſe with gun and piſtol found
A nearer way their foes to wound.
Behold the bard whoſe daring pen
The ſquabbles drew 'twixt gods and men
Alone upon a duſty ſhelf
Deſcribe their combats by himſelf:

For ages paſt no mortal ſight
Had once beheld the furious fight;
None knowing if the champions ſtout
Engag'd in armour or without;
Whether the foe attack'd the wall
With batt'ring ram or iron ball;
How the fam'd Troy at length was won
With horſe of timber or of bone.
The weeping queen of Beauty found
No reader to lament her wound;
And not a ſoul for years had read
Whoſe troops purſu'd, whoſe legions fled;
While Heav'n's kind aid both ſides invoke
How Jove himſelf receiv'd a ſtroke,
And no celeſtial med'cine found
Took up with balſam for his wound;
But binding on his plaſter, ſwore
He ne'er wou'd leave Olympus more,
Or peep from heav'n's ſecurer ſhades
To view again ſuch fighting blades,
Who warring for ſo fair a prize
Had no regard for deities:
How Paris free from hoſtile jars
Engag'd at home in ſofter wars,
Bad rival heroes ſtrive for fame,
In deathleſs annals write their name,
While bleſs'd with Helen's lovely eyes
They ſhar'd the blows and he the prize!

In Beauty's cause his youth employ'd,
And as they conquer'd he enjoy'd.
Oh! who can thus unmov'd descry
The great Mæonian poorly lie
Entomb'd in dust, nor on his hearse
Kindly bestow one grateful verse?
Shall states contend his birthright's fame,
And we not tremble at his name,
Our great arrears of duty pay
And gratitude as well as they?
Without a tear his heroes view,
New labours urge, new toils pursue,
More fatal far than all they bore
On fam'd Scamander's bleeding shore?
Great Priam in a kite ascends,
And Hector's self a casement mends;
New trials for their valour find
Instead of men to combat wind;
The sturdy Greek, whose hardy hide
Could strokes of oak or steel abide,
And, worn instead of hardest buff,
Was deem'd both sword and cudgel proof,
Is strangely now surpris'd to feel
More places mortal than his heel:
But heroes well such slights may bear
When gods themselves no better fare.
Hermes, accustom'd to the skies,
Aloft in fiery rockets flies,

Swifter than when from Jove he flew
To bear ſome am'rous billet-doux,
And warn the unexpecting dame
To dreſs before his Highneſs came.
Phœbus with all his luſtre bright
Is trimm'd to deck a Chriſtmas light,
(All other lights exceeding far,
As he himſelf outſhines a ſtar)
Till the bright god that all things burns
Flaming himſelf to aſhes turns.
The mighty Mars, for all he looks
Fierce both in battles and in books,
Stript of his armour, on the floor
All peaceful lies and ſtruts no more!
With Juno's wondrous witty ſpeech
Ocella fairly wip'd her breech;
Her birth and godhead nought avail,
Preferr'd to jakes from Madam's tail.
Gallus *, whoſe numbers oft' have charm'd
The coyeſt nymph and coldeſt warm'd,
(Doubly oblig'd to ſee and hear
The verſe ſo ſweet and he ſo fair)
Is doom'd by too ſevere a fate
To ſing within an inch of Tate!
While both beneath the ſelfſame leather,
Like fair and foul in April weather,
Kindly concord and rhyme together.

* John Sheffield Duke of Buckinghamſhire.

Thus have I often at a play
Survey'd a nymph profufely gay,
With all the charms of nature grac'd,
Clofe by fome wrinkled beldam plac'd,
Oblig'd to hear the dowdy thing
Her triumphs boaft and conqueft fing,
Whofe breath the want of charms fupplies,
And kills more certain than her eyes.
Oh! quickly, beauteous queen of Love,
Thy fuff'ring fav'rite hence remove;
With thy own hand thy darling bring
Where Addifon and Congreve fing,
(By whofe harmonious art and care
Thy matchlefs beauties fhine more fair)
To Prior join his rival bays,
Or, lift'ning to foft Cowley's lays,
Let him intent on Waller's lyre
To reach his daring flights afpire,
To Heav'n the wondrous Mufe purfue
With equal ftrength and foftnefs too.
Hark, how thy Ifis' weeping fhore
Begins thy abfence to deplore!
And all her penfive nymphs in vain
Recall thee to her banks again;
No more their drooping heads they rear
Above their waves thy fong to hear,
While in their breaft a double fire
Thy mufick and thy charms infpire,

Then gently fall beneath the tide
Their bluſhes and thy pow'r to hide.
See how her ſwans their pride forego,
In murm'ring ſighs confeſs their wo;
Stretch'd on their wat'ry beds they lie,
And all their oozy paſture fly;
No more with ſilver wings divide
And downy breaſts the parting tide,
As when with eager haſte they flew
Thy diſtant muſick to purſue,
And by thy voice inſtructed, try
To charm more ſoftly as they die!
But while great Beaufort's acts inſpire
Demand his voice and claim his lyre,
Bright to record the patriot's name
In verſe as laſting as his fame,
Thy ſmiling Thames forgets his wo,
Reſigns the Muſe, and bids her go
Nobly to ſing in deathleſs lays
Her own beneath the hero's praiſe.
  Immortal Camden * there complains,
Curſing a critick's uſeleſs pains;
In modern charms expos'd to view
He ſcarce his own Britannia knew;
Adorn'd with wonders which his eye,
A lover's tho', could never ſpy:
Here he beholds huge foreſts riſe
From Daniſh blood and meet the ſkies,

* See Dr. Gibſon's edition of Camden. *King.*

While each complaining tree records
The fate of their unhappy lords:
There elder weeps from bleeding vein
Great Sueno's fall and Canute ſlain;
While winter flow'rs each rolling year
Gay on their verdant ſtalks appear,
Bloom from the celebrated thorn *,
Mincepies and windows to adorn,
Which ſome imagin'd, tho' untruly,
Not in December born but July.
See, drawn by his enchanting hand,
Britannia ſeems a Fairy Land;
Druids and Bards frequent each grove,
And nymphs in ev'ry thicket move;
To ſtreams and cooling ſhades retire,
Kindly to bleſs ſome gentle ſquire;
Unwilling yet too far to ſtray
For fear of Satyrs in the way:
Spenſer, who ſent his chiefs ſo far
To purchaſe fame in feats of war,
Might here, not forc'd abroad to roam,
Have met with giants nearer home,
His heroes trembling to defy
Fierce Tudor or victorious Guy.
'Twas pity Sidney's † fam'd deſign
So long, great Sage! preceded thine;

* See Camden's Britannia. *King.*
† The Arcadia. *King.*

Philoclea elſe the crown had worn,
And Muſidorus here been born;
Cloſe by her vanquiſh'd lover's ſide
The fair Parthenia too had dy'd.
Thy ev'ry page preſents our ſight
With chiefs as brave and dames as bright
As in her fam'd Arcadian plain
Romantick Greece could ever feign,
And for the time to come ſhall ſtore us
With warriours great as Muſidorus,
And ev'ry grove oblige our ſight
With virgins as Pamela bright,
That furniſh'd with fair rural dames,
Protecting ſquires and lovers' flames,
We ne'er ſhall want a chief for fight
While thou and great Cervantes write.
One day the Doctor quite o'ercome
With luſcious tales of Greece and Rome,
Inſtead of taking tea or air
Does to the female world repair
To pleaſe himſelf among the fair,
(Where if no ſenſe was to be found
He is ſure to be oblig'd with ſound.)
Sappho had ſoftneſs, but her ſong
Was jargon all in ſuch a tongue,
Requiring too much pains to ſeek
And labour for her wit in Greek,

Which would have edify'd as much
Recorded in Chineſe or Dutch.
Dacier, tho' penn'd with ſo much eaſe,
Too much a critick ſeem'd to pleaſe;
But being courtly and wellbred,
And pleas'd with that he never read,
Smiling on ev'ry page ſhe writ
Takes her on truſt to be a wit.
Italian dames his ears ſurpriſe
With harmony of O's and I's:
So ſoft the tender vowels chime
No harſher ſenſe e'er marr'd the rhyme;
Of ſtrength depriv'd more gently flow,
And warble muſically low:
But when his ſearching judgment found
Neglecting ſenſe they ſtudy'd found,
To Britiſh dames he next apply'd
For that which Greece and Rome deny'd,
And ſought amidſt our tuneful fair
A ſong more grateful to his ear,
Where harmony with ſtrength conſpir'd
To make the verſe and nymphs admir'd.
  Wh—n * the coldeſt breaſt might move
But that ſhe talk'd too much of love,

* Probably the firſt wife of the Marquis of Wharton, who Mr. Walpole ſays was a poeteſs, and has an article in The General Dictionary.

Of burning flames and hot defire,
That ev'ry line was red with fire.
Singer *, by name and nature made
For mufick and the rhyming trade,
For her weak genius fear'd too high,
And loft her Mufe above the fky:
A flaming fun, a radiant light,
In ev'ry verfe diftract our fight,
Diffufe their dazzling beams from far,
And not one line without a ftar!
Thro' ftreams of light we feem to rove
And tread on fhining orbs above.
Orinda † next demands his view,
For titles fam'd and rhyming too;
And had been read, but that her fong
To be admir'd was quite too long.
Their miftrefs' want of pride to fhow
Her numbers glide but wondrous low;
Inftead of rapture give us fleep,
And ftriving to be humble creep.
Philips in verfe her paffion told,
Intreats the youth to be lefs cold,
Begs him while Nature charms denies
To mind her wit and not her eyes;
Inftructs the novice how to woo,
And fhews what little art will do

* Afterwards the celebrated Mrs. Rowe.
† Mrs. Philips.

A virgin's yielding heart to move,
And melt a breaſt inclin'd to love!
Softneſs her want of ſenſe ſupplies,
She faints in ev'ry line and dies;
Again reſumes her tender ſtrain,
And only lives to die again.
Unhappy Maid! correct thy Muſe,
Some nearer way to wedlock chuſe;
She warbles with ſo ill a grace
Thy airs are coarſer than thy face,
And will be found (believe me) ſtill
To frighten ten for one they kill.
Dear Phyllis! then leave off in time,
Lovers are ne'er trepann'd by rhyme;
Thy bobbins or thy needle take,
Each will as deep impreſſions make;
And to enjoy the youth's embrace
Caſhier thy Muſe and ſtick to lace.
A crowd of other females paſt
Whoſe fame for verſe ſhall ever laſt
While artleſs ſounds our ſoul diſarm
And muſick void of ſenſe can charm.
Immortal Behn * at laſt he ſpy'd;
"Hail, beauteous Nymph!" the lover cry'd;
"See at your feet I proſtrate bow,
"Neglecting ev'ry fair for you;

* Mrs. Aphora Behn.

"Their worthlefs labours tumbling o'er
"In hafte your beauties to adore,
"With your bright features or your quill
"Arm'd with a double pow'r to kill!"
But as no mortal thing below
Can long furvive without a foe,
Here he beholds in triumph fit
The bane * of beauty, fenfe, and wit;
Demolifh'd diftichs round his head,
Half lines and fhatter'd ftanzas fpread,
While the infulting conq'ror climbs
O'er mighty heaps of ruin'd rhymes,
And proudly mounted views from high
Beneath th' harmonious fragments lie,
Boafting himfelf from foes fecur'd
In ftanzas lodg'd, in verfe immur'd:
Furious the lover filence broke,
And thus redhot with vengeance fpoke:
"And could thy fqueamifh ftomach chufe
"To feaft on nothing but a Mufe?
"Nought elfe thy courtly palate hit
"But virgin fenfe and female wit?
"My fav'rite nymph to nib and wafte
"To pleafure thy luxurious tafte?
"Seldom content to fup or dine
"Without a diftich or a line?

* A Moth. *King.*

"Making those rhymes thy hunger fed
"Each day thy food, each night thy bed?
"Proudly aspiring thus to lie
"In sheets of downy poetry?
"On twenty more design'd to be
"Fit nourishment for such as thee
"Thou mightst have fed or made a seat in,
"Publish'd alone but to be eaten,
"Volumes fit only for a nest
"Where vermine such as thou should rest.
"Hadst thou chose rather to be pent in
"The councils Lateran or Tridentine,
"(As many an honest insect feeds,
"On canons and outlandish creeds)
"Meanly to no one dish confin'd,
"Thou mightst have great as Cæsar din'd;
"Cloy'd with insipid verse have chose
"To diet on more sav'ry prose;
"In mighty folios lodg'd been able
"Greatly each day to shift thy table,
"And found materials to assuage
"Thy hunger in each fruitful page:
"Or if decrees and councils shew'd
"For courtly tastes too mean a food,
"On wars and battles, seldom read,
"Thou mightst without offence have fed;
"Thy rage the warriours' should outdo,
"Eating up fights and heroes too,

" In ſpite of all their guns and ſteel
" Devour a champion at each meal;
" Philippi but one feaſt wou'd yield,
" And ſcarce ſo much Pharſalia's field;
" Great Ammon's ſon muſt here ſubmit
" To be demoliſh'd at a bit;
" All others conq'ring doom'd to be
" Subdu'd at laſt by puny thee!
" But ſay, while fifty more as good,
" If not for ſenſe at leaſt for food,
" Crowded on ev'ry ſhelf appear,
" Why, envious Vermine! only here?
" See, from their fair apartment drove,
" Here ſprawls a Cupid there a Love;
" Unarm'd the young immortals ſhow
" This wants a ſhaft and that a bow,
" And tears in mighty ſtreams diſtil,
" Robb'd of their tools to wound and kill.
" Fair Venus in a penſive mood
" Sadly laments her mumbled hood,
" That nought beſide a veil of lawn
" Was o'er her radiant ſhoulders drawn,
" While two meals more without my care
" Had ſtripp'd the bluſhing goddeſs bare.
" Nor does fair Beauty's wounded queen
" Confeſs alone thy little ſpleen;
" The Muſe whom brighter charms adorn
" Laments herſelf in pieces torn.

" See, fcatter'd round thy dark abode,
" Here lies a fatire there an ode
" Ceafing thro' thy malignant fpite
" Or this to praife or that to bite:
" And Elegy, but now too late,
" Laments her own untimely fate,
" Thofe tears defign'd for lovers' moan
" Sadly applying to her own;
" A limping line there wants a foot,
" The rhyme nibb'd off and fenfe to boot,
" And mangled now without a clofe
" Degen'rates into rumbling profe;
" A folitary verfe alone,
" His partner quite devour'd and gone,
" There weeps he can no longer chime
" And warble with his fellow-rhyme;
" With the fad difmal lofs perplex'd
" He ftrives to gingle with the next,
" His ftrength the fame and foftnefs too,
" But wanting found it muft not do.
" Say then, before this murd'ring thumb
" Relentlefs feals thy certain doom,
" What art or cunning can repair
" The ruins of the injur'd fair,
" Patch up her mufick, and reftore
" The nymph harmonious as before?
" But fee, too proud to make amends,
" (As filence ftill on guilt attends)

" Speechleſs the vermine turns away,
" With not one ſingle word to ſay,
" Confeſſing thus the bloody crime
" Of wounding wit and murd'ring rhyme.
" Take then a life, propitious Maid!
" Sent to atone thy wand'ring ſhade;
" Tho' vile the gift, it is yet the moſt
" I now can give thy injur'd ghoſt:
" But let one foe thus nobly ſlain
" Thy reeking altar ſerve to ſtain,
" Till thouſands more before thy eye
" To pleaſe thy glutted vengeance die,
" Thy ſoul thus giving by their doom
" Thro' endleſs ſcenes of bliſs to roam."
Diverted from the doleful ſong
He ſtill ſeem'd eager to prolong,
Horace in ſad and mournful ſtrains
To liſt'ning Phœbus thus complains:
" Patron of Verſe, and god of Days!
" Inſpirer of our voice and lays,
" Permit me in ſome diſmal cell
" With Goths or Leyden bards to dwell,
" Or to conſume my wretched time
" 'Twixt Dublin verſe and Glaſgow rhyme;
" Nay, to augment my laſt deſpair,
" Place Ayloffe's * ſelf and Marvell † there,

* Captain Ayloffe, author of Marvell's Ghoſt.
† The ſatire on Marvell is wonderfully miſplaced.

" (A fam'd dull pair, that purely wrote
" To raiſe our ſpleen and die forgot)
" If ſuff'ring thus my works may be
" From criticks and tranſlators free;
" Or in one wiſh, to ſum up all
" The plagues that can a wretch befall,
" May it be doom'd my harder fate
" To read whatever they tranſlate,
" And hear for great Auguſtus' name
" In dull heroicks Arthur's fame,
" His fire in modern ſtory paſs
" For what my lov'd Mæcenas was;
" Let theirs exceed my hero's praiſe
" To ſave my Muſe from Creech and bays!"
A Proteus * wit almoſt eſcapes
That writes and fools in fifty ſhapes,
To pleaſe in ev'ry art prepar'd,
An Atheiſt now, and now a bard,
Phyſician ſtraight, another time
Projecting tools to work in rhyme,
Or forging odd receipts to make
Verſe duller than his Worſhip's take.
Horace, moſt courtly grown and kind,
Exactly ſpeaks the poet's mind,
Stands ſponſor by his worth and fame
To guard his infant Muſe from ſhame;

* See The Mortality of the Soul, and Licentia Poetica diſcuſſed, written by Dr. Coward. *King.*

Whilst he in mighty secrets deals,
And beauties long obscur'd reveals,
Does from his own prescriptions fall,
Gives fifty rules, and breaks them all;
Tho' he that farthest from them strays
Bids fairest much to win the bays.
From verse he hastens to dispute
Himself into a nobler brute;
Greatly resolv'd his murd'ring quill
Should certain as his physick kill,
He needs would have mankind control
The universe without a soul;
That matter nicely wrought and spun
Might all those mighty feats have done
Which ancient dotards were inclin'd
To attribute to Thought and Mind.
Thus as the threads are drawn it hits,
The coarse are fools, the fine ones wits,
While others of a middle size
Prove harmless things, not dull nor wise;
And hence it plainly comes to pass
That Coward is now what Sternhold was,
Because in Nature's forming list
His threads were of a clumsy twist,
And Chance had so contriv'd his doom
To draw him from a hobbling loom.
A proof within himself he feels
That all mankind is mov'd by wheels;

That chains, and pendulums, and ſprings,
With twenty other curious things,
Were firſt by artful Nature made
Ere clocks and watches form'd a trade.
Exchange, great Sir! a word or two,
And your fam'd theſis ſtill may do:
"Thou art thyſelf complete and whole,
"Thy verſes only want a ſoul,
"While both a diff'rent fate ſhall try,
"Thou half and they entirely die,
"Condemn'd by thee not partial Fate
"E'er to behold a future ſtate!"
Behold a modeſt bard * refuſe
The laurels waiting on his Muſe!
Pity firſt taught her how to ſing,
To try her voice and prune her wing;
Touch'd with a tender Chriſtian wo
In Wallia's realms to meet a foe,
That lawleſs long and unreſtrain'd
Had in her milky dainties reign'd,
And ev'ry year triumphant won
A dow'ry for a yeoman's ſon.
Virgil, that taught thy Muſe to ſing,
A nobler verſe could hardly bring,
Or on a theme ſo mean and low
More thought and majeſty beſtow;

* Mr. Edward Holdſworth, author of The Muſcipula, a poem which is eſteemed a maſterpiece in its kind.

Henceforth his smiling ghost shall move
More joyous thro' her laureate grove
To hear thy tuneful voice above.
Take then a gift I trembling bring,
Instructed near thy Muse to sing,
Which prun'd her pinions in that shade
Whence mine her earliest flights essay'd,
Both sipping to inspire our themes
Oxeyes * for clear Castalian streams;
Oh, may thy fame for ever run
A glorious rival to the sun
"Till mice in pantries cease to dwell,
"Or brimstone at Glamorgan sell,
"Till mites no more in Chedder breed,
"Nor goats on craggy Penmaur feed,
"Till leeks and onions smell amiss,
"Till scrubbing seems no more a bliss,
"Till great Plinlimmon leaves the skies,
"Till thy immortal labour dies †!"
While Dennis aids the Muse to sing,
Or gives her plumes or clips her wing,
Directs her cautious how to fly
Unbeaten tracks along the sky,
With safety we sublimely stray,
And soaring gain the realms of day,

* Places in Oxford so called. *King.*

† Various have been the English imitations of The Muscipula; but no one happier than Chancellor Hoadley's.

Till trembling from thoſe heights above,
And dazzling orbs o'er which we move,
We gently ſink in humbler ſtrains
To vales beneath and rural plains.
Great Toland, with his name below,
Bought purely to make out the ſhow,
Adorns at once and fills a row
(Tho' ſome aver it ſtrongly ſtill
That emptineſs could never fill.)
Hadſt thou been wiſe or dull by rule
Thy ſilence might have ſkreen'd the fool;
But thus to cant and own it too
No mortal ſure but thee would do.
The twilight owl and ſerious aſs
Would needs for modern criticks paſs
Till both their want of ſenſe betray'd,
One hooting while the other bray'd.
Near Blackal ‡ his fam'd rival lay,
But frowning lean'd another way,
His forehead into wrinkles drawn
To ſit within the ſmell of lawn,
But cloſe as to his elm the vine
Round pious Baxter ſeems to twine,
Adores the ſaint on bended knees
That taught him firſt to cant and pleaſe,
And to the wond'ring world reveal
Good Chriſtian methods to rebel.

‡ Biſhop of Exeter from 1707 to 1716.

While Milton's ſoaring fancy flies;
And ſings of feuds above the ſkies,
Dreadfully fills the heav'nly plain
With vanquiſh'd pow'rs and cherubs ſlain,
Surpris'd and trembling from afar
We ſcarce behold th' immortal war;
Their falchions formidably bright,
Their ſwords compos'd of beaten light,
And beamy arms with dreadful blaze
From each contending van amaze,
With dread we view th' apoſtate foe
Plung'd in the deep abyſs below.
See Rag * on Philips ſtill attends,
In life, in death, harmonious friends,
Pleas'd his lov'd Iſis to forego
To meet the darling ſhade below,
Who in th' Elyſian fragrant bow'rs
Beguile each day the ſmiling hours
With more delight than wine or love
E'er gave the bards in realms above,
Each here tranſported to behold
Rich branches bloom with radiant gold
(Strangely ſurpris'd to view an ore
They ne'er on earth once touch'd before.)
No more refulgent to their eyes
The Splendid Shilling's † charms ſurpriſe,

* The name which Edmund Smith went by.
† A very famous burleſque poem in imitation of Milton.

Once the ſole bliſs of Heav'n implor'd,
For that alone by each ador'd,
That ale or oyſters could command,
The nobleſt boons of ſea or land,
And bid them to enjoy a friend
From lonely garret oft' deſcend:
No longer to their cells reſtrain'd,
Where want and diſmal darkneſs reign'd,
With harmleſs pun and clinches gay *
They now repeat each ſmiling day,
Nor dreadful reck'ning trembling fear,
As if kind Herbert too was there;
For vile mundung and fumy ale
Incenſe and odours now exhale,
And ſipping nectar from each ſtream
No more of Tiff and Viner's † dream,
Convinc'd their Iſis could beſtow
No cups ſo ſoft as thoſe below:
No longer now the modiſh gown
In ropy ſhreds hangs quiv'ring down,
Tuck'd cloſe but gently round the ſide
Some diſmal breach beneath to hide,
Or elſe protecting from the air
Some parts as Nature form'd them bare.
See next the Muſe ‡ that fill'd the ſkies
With ſleepy lolling deities,

* See the Deiſt's notions of a future ſtate, taken from their orthodox ſcripture of Virgil's ſixth Æneid. *King.*

† A very celebrated univerſity alehouſe. *King.*

‡ Lucretius. *King.*

Careleſs and unconcern'd to know ,
What mortals acted here below,
Gives us receipts of wondrous fame
New worlds to raiſe and beings frame
Which Burnet † by experience knew
In every tittle to be true.
After a long eternal round,
No ſtage to eaſe their labour found,
The weary'd atoms all combine
In diff'rent forms themſelves to join ;
Theſe ſink beneath, thoſe upwards fly
To deck and to adorn the ſky,
In radiant planets ſhine from far;
Or loſe their brightneſs in a ſtar.
Millions for heav'nly forms unfit
To meaner fates below ſubmit,
While long the little ſportive train
A thouſand tricks attempt in vain
Before they can fit natures chuſe
And their light empty beings loſe!
The briſk, the nimble, and the light,
To frame the female world unite,
And while the beauteous kind they fill
Seem to preſerve their nature ſtill:
The giddy into order range,
But ſcarcely undergo a change,

† Theory of the Earth. *King.*

Still act as in their ancient ſphere,
Whirling in mad projectors here,
Or elſe their roving pow'rs reſtrain
Beneath ſome madder poet's brain:
Thoſe of a rough and knotty make
Their ſtations all in criticks take,
Which makes it harder much to gain
Their ſenſe than his they would explain,
And much more ſkill requir'd to find
The critick's than the author's mind:
Thoſe of a tall and ſlender ſize
In monuments and ſteeples riſe,
For ſtructures, like our elm and yew,
At Nature's birth ſpontaneous grew,
Inſtructed upwards how to climb
Without the help of brick or lime:
The dull, the empty, and the gay,
Conſent to take a diff'rent way;
Theſe mingling form coquettes, and thoſe
Unite in aſſes and in beaux!
Deſcending from a finiſh'd ſtar
Some leave the ſkies to grace the fair,
While thoſe to heav'n their light confine,
And theſe in Lumley's beauties ſhine:
In Beaufort's air they all unite
Their ſofteſt beams, their faireſt light;
In March's lovely form ſurpriſe,
Or ſmile confeſs'd in Biſhop's eyes;

While honeſt Tindal thou and I
Were form'd of lumps that downwards fly,
And daily give ſome wretched proof
Of our deſcending weighty ſtuff,
Which makes whate'er we write or ſay
Thus favour of our kindred clay,
And ev'ry fair and juſt deſign
With ſuch a native force decline,
That while we ſtrive ſublime to ſoar
We ſink and founder ſo much lower;
Hence it is our labours come to nought;
Each beauteous product which we thought
Of ſprightly wit and reaſon full
Is ſtrangely leaven'd with the dull:
But let us learn true wiſdom hence,
Not whine like fools for want of ſenſe;
Rather accuſe our partial Fate
Aſſigning each ſo dull a pate,
Purely by Nature form'd in ſpite
To plague mankind in print and write.
  Bentley immortal honour gets
By changing *que's* for nobler *et's* †.
From Cam to Iſis ſee him roam
To fetch ſtray'd interjections home,

† "Horatius Emendatus, invitis omnibus criticis, ſic eſſe legendum pronuncio." Modeſt Dr. Bentley! *King*.
"It is true on words is ſtill our whole debate;
"Diſputes of *me* or *te*, of *aut* or *at*." *Pope*, Dunc. IV. 219.

While the glad shores with joy rebound
For periods and lost commas found;
Poor adverbs, that had long deplor'd
Their injur'd rights by him restor'd,
Smil'd to survey a rival's doom
While they possess'd the envy'd room,
And hissing from their rescu'd throne
Th' usurper's fate applaud their own.
The Roman nymphs, for want of notes
More tender, strain'd their little throats,
Till Bentley to relieve their woes
Gave them a set of Ah's and Oh's,
More musically to complain
And warble forth their gentle pain.
The suff'ring fair no more repine
For vowels now to sob and whine,
In softest air their passion try,
And without spoiling metre die;
With interjections of his own
He helps them now to weep and groan,
That reading him no lover fears
Soft vehicles for sighs and tears.
Instructed by his learned code
What makes a jig or forms an ode,
We view what various beauties meet
To leave each fragrant line so sweet;
How Horace's lines our passions keep
Awake, and Bentley's lull asleep.

No verſe can moan a limping foot
But he applies his plaſter to 't;
With pious care binds up the ſore,
And kindly bids it hop no more!
While with his helping comments nigh,
Inſtead of crutches to apply
To crazy verſe, (which envious Time
Had weaken'd both in ſenſe and rhyme)
For a lame Muſe's ſurgeon meet,
Inſtead of legs ſets broken feet.
Tho' no one ſingle charm can fly
The ſearch of his ſagacious eye,
(That Horace* but in vain pretends
To own a line which Bentley mends)
The rev'rend critick hardly knows
If David wrote in verſe or proſe,
While ev'ry ſtring and ſounding wire
That erſt compos'd the Roman lyre
Were to the ſage as fully known
As if the harp had been his own!
Couldſt thou, great Bard! without a qualm
But hear rehears'd one pious pſalm,
To ſlighted David lend an ear,
Not ſwooning what he ſung to hear,
We then might view thy learn'd abodes
With hymns adorn'd inſtead of odes,

* See Horatius Emendatus, and Dr. Bentley's Dedication of Horace to the Earl of Oxford, deſigned for the late treaſurer if he had continued in his poſt till laſt Chriſtmas. *King.*

And thou thyſelf perhaps content
To con him o'er at leaſt in Lent;
To mortify the Jewiſh chuſe
Regaling on the Latian Muſe.
Cloſe by where wits in purple pride
And all their glory dreſt preſide,
Beneath a dark and gloomy cell
A lazy goddeſs choſe to dwell,
Well pleas'd to ſlumber out her time
'Twixt ſleepy proſe and drowſy rhyme,
Dating from books her empire's fame;
Oblivion was her dreaded name:
On verſe and laudanum ſhe feeds,
Now takes a doſe, now poems reads;
Each of experienc'd pow'r to cloſe
Her ſinking eyes in ſoft repoſe;
While Bentley, of more ſov'reign uſe
Than rhyme itſelf or poppy juice,
The goddeſs trembles to explore
For fear of never waking more.
Each weeping wall bedew'd appears
With Chloe's ſighs and Strephon's tears;
Sad dirges, breathing lovers' pain,
And ſoft complaints of virgins ſlain;
While Females' Sonnets, Poets' Themes,
Beaux' Stratagems, Projectors' Dreams,
Around the lonely ſtructure fly,
Slumber a while, and gently die.

A thoufand wretched things, above
The joys of wine the fweets of love,
That kindly promis'd deathlefs fame
And glories to their author's name,
Here in one month for reft retire,
Defcend, and decently expire;
Scatter'd delightful to her eye
Reams of Reviews and Medleys lie,
Wide to extend her empire's fway,
Keeping their fires above in pay;
Soft tranfport gliding thro' her breaft,
Of Tutchin's works entire poffeft,
Who to augment the goddefs' pow'r
Was feldom known to flip an hour
That did not gratefully produce
Whole pages for his fov'reign's ufe;
While now and then a mitred friend
Is gracioufly inclin'd to fend
His tributes, and a gift beftows
Among her Bunyans and De Foes.
O'ercome with rapture to furvey
Melodious nonfenfe round her lay,
(While here each fruitful lab'ring prefs
Groan'd with feraphick emptinefs,
Which ev'ry hour fpontaneous came,
Kind to enrol its author's name)
While the great patriots of her reign
That with her pens her fame fuftain,

Wits, criticks, politicians, beaux,
In meaſure nod, and ſleep in rows,
Soft tranſport does her thoughts employ
While thus ſhe ſpeaks her riſing joy:
"Hail, mighty Names! to whom I owe
"My empire's ſpreading fame below,
"By whoſe kind labours I outdo
"The Vatican and Bodley too,
"Who ſlighted fame above diſdain
"With me in ſilent night to reign:
"What rival pow'r did e'er ſurvey
"A nobler hoſt adorn his ſway!
"You, bleſt Aſſociates! beſt can tell
"What numbers at my altars fell
"When you approach'd, and only ſtay
"Above to own my ſov'reign ſway.
"'Twas I inſpir'd great Whiſton's theme *,
"And nobly taught him to blaſpheme:
"By me inſtructed he withdrew
"To head a young apoſtate crew,
"Who proud of ſuch a leader grown
"With his ſtale nonſenſe mix their own:
"Liſping their trade they firſt begin,
"By ſlow degrees advance in ſin,
"Till ripen'd by improving time
"To thy gray hoary fame they climb,

* A whimſical theoriſt, and a late apoſtate to Socinianiſm. *King.*

" And claim thoſe laurels as their due
" Juſtice before aſſign'd to you.
" The Grecian ſages * too decree
" The fame of all they write to me:
" Beneath my influence kindly bred,
" Proud to blaſpheme before they read,
" In the dull trade improve ſo well,
" Firſt ſwear, and after learn to ſpell,
" And oft' a deathleſs name complete
" Ere perfect in their alphabet.
" Oh! would they oft' in print appear,
" What reams of ſtuff each fruitful year
" Would downward ſink to ſwell my fame,
" Dully confeſſing whence they came,
" The hateful realms of light forego
" To hang in empty ſhoals below,
" Whoſe labours, like a glimm'ring fire,
" Kindly as ſoon as born expire,
" Scarce th' age of one ſhort day ſurvive,
" Stone dead ere breathing well alive!
" 'Twas I alone that hither drew
" From Tiber's bank † the warbling crew
" That charm our wond'ring theatres
" With witty lions ‡, bulls, and bears,

* A ſcandalous atheiſtical club at the Grecian Coffeehouſe. *King.*

† The Italian ſingers. *King.*

‡ See Hydaſpes, act third, a hero drubbing a lion. *King.*

“ Deſign'd (if Fame ſays true) this ſpring
“ To learn their gamut too and ſing,
“ Whoſe gay harmonious nonſenſe drown'd
“ Beneath ſoft airs and helping ſound
“ Paſſes with criticks of the pit
“ For ſterling ſenſe and Engliſh wit.
“ Each valet now muſt blow his fire
“ In notes as ſoft as Alamire,
“ Nor dare perfume his maſter's hair
“ Or rub his boots without an air;
“ Hear him in ſofteſt muſick tell
“ His lordſhip's running nag is well;
“ Oblig'd a bolder note to uſe,
“ Informing when he loſt his ſhoes;
“ Still riſing to a nobler ſtrain,
“ To paint him ſcouring o'er the plain:
“ The rival waitingmaid, to find
“ Her ſpark to muſick thus inclin'd,
“ Tells madam, ſinging, That ſhe ſpoils
“ Her tea to drink it ere it boils;
“ While notes more penſive far relate
“ Her lapdog's unexpected fate:
“ The hero burning to engage
“ Moſt ſweetly murmurs out his rage,
“ Defers to ſhew his wrath too ſoon,
“ Or kill his foe to ſpoil his tune;
“ Tho' both are warm'd with equal fire,
“ They cann't without one ſong expire;

" In doleful dirges, but too late,
" Hear how they ſigh each other's fate;
" For notes thro' all the gamut try
" To fall more tunefully and die.
  " See how my crowded region fills
" With colonies entire from Will's *;
" Slumb'ring in rival ranks they ſnore,
" And meditate ſharp clinch no more;
" Their merit by their dulneſs prove,
" Outdreaming thoſe they left above!
  " It was I, my empire to enlarge,
" Gave Hoadley firſt my royal charge
" To preach rebellion, and in ſpite
" Of duty, oaths, and ſenſe, to write:
" It is I that by my influence ſtill
" Direct great Toland's † ſacred quill;
" And lately by my ſoothing pow'r
" Seduc'd myſterious Dodwell ‡ o'er,
" Who to his bright immortal fame
" Was never known ſix weeks the ſame!
" While Fate thus makes a ſmall amends
" For what I loſt in kinder friends,

* A celebrated academy in Covent Garden obliged by its charter to furniſh out a dozen of Engliſh wits every year. *King.*

† An inſolent audacious Deiſt and republican. *King.*

‡ See The Natural Mortality of the Soul, by Mr. Dodwell. *King.*

"(As when it forc'd me to bewail
"Great Hobbes's death ſtill left me Bayle *)
"Filling that ſpace that was deſign'd
"For Sarum's † labours ſtill behind.
"See how that wall is ſadly hung
"With doleful verſe by ladies ſung,
"And penſive airs by lovers try'd
"Juſt as they kindly kiſs'd and dy'd:
"With dreams and ſighs the next is blurr'd,
"With Dolben's eloquence a third;
"While to the wicked Baxter's Call
"Quite covers and obſcures them all.
"Swiſs lumber ſinks to our abodes
"Not poorly by the quire but loads;
"While Leyden rhymes ſubmiſſive come,
"And croaking ſupplicate for room.
"Scotch creeds ‡ and articles explain'd
"Cloſe by in ſilence ſlumb'ring reign'd,
"With myſtick comments ſo perplex'd
"The notes are darker than the text.
"Fam'd theoriſts by dozens rot ||,
"Juſt as the worlds they fram'd forgot,

* Two intimate friends, an Engliſh Atheiſt and a Dutch Socinian. *King.*

† Gilbert Burnet, Biſhop of Sarum.

‡ The Solemn League, much preferable to the Apoſtles' creed about Edinburgh. *King.*

|| See The Moſaical Hiſtory, corrected and confuted by Whiſton, Woodward, Burnet, Carteſius; and Ovid's Metamorphoſes. *King.*

" And in thoſe very atoms fall
" They vainly forg'd to raiſe this ball,
" Which prov'd their theſis partly true,
" Fate ne'er could build but might undo,
" And that dull books might ſooner dance
" Than planets into form by chance.
" Would ſmiling Fate but once inſpire
" Hibernian bards to touch the lyre,
" Gently in Dublin airs to ſing,
" And their fam'd Harp's * long ſilent ſtring,
" Now wanting room I muſt implore
" Kind Heav'n with ardent vows for more:
" Where ſhall I place my future friends
" If Collins monthly tribute ſends?
" If Clarke and Hare to choke me quite
" Without remorſe or pity write?
" Ye envious niggard Pow'rs! whoe'er
" Allot each god his empire's ſhare,
" To all ſuch ſpacious realms aſſign'd
" Why am I only thus confin'd?
" From theirs how diff'rent is my doom!
" They grieve for ſubjects I for room.
" Extend my realms below, great Jove!
" Or ſtop great Boyer's pen above:
" Gods! in what ſable liquid ſhow'rs
" And inky deluges he pours

* The arms of Ireland. *King*.

"Each year his ſickly nonſenſe down!
"Ten ſuch would half my empire drown,
"And force me to preſerve my breath
"To quit my ſtifling cell beneath.
"Whatever theme his Muſe has got
"She ſtill maintains her fav'rite trot;
"Still one dull pace demurely jogs
"O'er rivers, meadows, lawns, and bogs;
"While dreſt with equal charms are ſeen
"A milkmaid here and there a queen,
"And ſtrains as mournful fill the ſky
"When porters as when monarchs die!"
  Still to proceed the goddeſs try'd
Till Steele's immortal works eſpy'd,
Trembling her dreaded foe to view
She ſunk and ſilently withdrew,
While Sarum's labours round her ſpread
Suſtain and prop her drowſy head.
  Hail, mighty Name! of all thy pen
Has dropt to charm both gods and men
Time nor oblivion e'er ſhall boaſt
One line or ſingle period loſt!
Improving youth and hoary age
Are better'd by thy matchleſs page;
And, what no mortal could deviſe,
Women by reading thee grow wiſe;
Divines had taught and huſbands rav'd,
Now threaten'd, then as poorly crav'd,

But ſpite of all the ſtubborn dame
Remain'd our curſe, and ſtill the ſame;
Modiſh and flippant as before
The ſmoothing paint and patch are wore;
Two hours each morning ſpent to dreſs,
And not one ounce of tea the leſs,
While the provoking idiot vows
Her lover fairer much than ſpouſe.
Great Socrates but vainly try'd
To ſooth the paſſions of his bride;
Her female empire ſtill ſhe holds,
And as he preaches peace ſhe ſcolds.
In vain he talks, in vain he writes,
One kiſſing while the other bites.
Precepts with her and moral rules
Are only ginns to hamper fools;
And preach and dictate what he will
Madam perſiſts Xantippe ſtill.
But wedlock by thy art is got
To be a ſoft and eaſy knot,
Which ſmiling ſpouſe and kinder bride
Now ſeldom wiſh ſhould be unty'd,
Think parting now the greateſt ſin,
And ſtrive more cloſe to draw the ginn.
Taught by thoſe rules thy pen inſtils
Nobly to conquer human ills,
The female ſuff'rer now ſuſtains
Each mournful loſs with leſſen'd pains:

A week is now enough to pine
When puking lapdog cannot dine;
While grief as real ſwells her eyes
When ſpouſe as when her parrot dies.
The fop no longer ſhall believe
Senſe ty'd to ev'ry modiſh ſleeve,
Nor, conſcious of his wants, preſume
To meaſure merit by perfume;
That courage in Pulvilio dwells,
The boldeſt he who ſtrongeſt ſmells:
To prove his ſenſe no longer bring
The doughty proofs of box and ring,
Strongly profeſſing ne'er to know
An aſs conceal'd beneath a beau.
Each taught by thee ſhall hence confeſs
Virtue has no regard for dreſs;
That the bright nymph as often dwells
In homely bays as rural cells,
And in a ruff as fairly ſhin'd
As now to modern peak confin'd;
Bluſhing thus half expos'd to view
Both herſelf and miſtreſs too.

The widow pining for her dear
Shall curſe no more the tedious year,
In ſighs conſume each penſive day,
Nor think it long from June to May.
See how the penſive relict lies
Opreſs'd with ſpouſe's fate and dies!

That Betty with her drops in vain
Recalls her flying ſoul again.
No colour now ſo fair appears
As is the ſable veſt ſhe wears,
To be her only garment vow'd,
Till death exchange it for a ſhroud,
And her cold aſhes kindly place
Once more within her lord's embrace!
   The ladies pleas'd with thee to dwell
Aſpire to write correct and ſpell:
We ſcarce behold, tho' writ in haſte,
Five letters in a ſcore miſplac'd;
Marſhall'd in rank they all appear
With no front vowels in the rear,
Nor any out of ſhame or dread
Sculking behind that ſhould have led.
In ev'ry line they now demur;
'Tis now no longer Wurthee Surr!
With half our uſual ſweat and pain
We both unravel and explain,
Nor call in foreign aid to find
In myſtick terms the fair one's mind.
Maintain, great Sage! thy deathleſs name;
Thou canſt no wider ſtretch thy fame
Till gliding from her native ſkies
Virtue once more delighted flies,
By each adoring patriot own'd,
And boaſts herſelf by thee enthron'd.

THE LAST BILLET.

SEPTEMBER and November now were paſt
When men in bonfires did their firing waſte,
Yet ſtill my monumental Log did laſt:
To begging boys it was not made a prey
On the king's birth or coronation day.
Why with thoſe Oaks, under whoſe ſacred ſhade
Charles was preſerv'd, ſhould any fire be made?
At laſt a froſt, a diſmal froſt! there came
Like that which made a market upon Thame:
Unruly company would then have made
Fire with this Log, whilſt thus its owner pray'd:
"Thou that art worſhipp'd in Dodona's grove
"From all thy ſacred Trees fierce flames remove;
"Preſerve this groaning Branch: O hear my pray'r!
"Spare me this one, this one poor Billet ſpare,
"That having many fires and flames withſtood
"Its ancient teſtimonial may laſt good
"In future times to prove I once had Wood!"

THE MAD LOVER.

I'LL from my breaſt tear fond deſire
Since Laura is not mine;
I'll ſtrive to cure the am'rous fire,
And quench the flame with wine.

Perhaps in groves and cooling ſhade
Soft ſlumbers I may find;
There all the vows to Laura made
Shall vaniſh with the wind.

The ſpeaking ſtrings and charming ſong
My paſſion may remove:
Oh! muſick will the pain prolong,
And is the food of Love.

I'll ſearch heav'n, earth, hell, ſeas, and air,
And that ſhall ſet me free:
Oh! Laura's image will be there
Where Laura will not be.

My ſoul muſt ſtill endure the pain
And with freſh torment rave;
For none can ever break the chain
That once was Laura's ſlave.

THE SOLDIER'S WEDDING,

A SOLILOQUY BY NAN. THRASHERWELL,

Being part of a Play called The New Troop.

O My dear Thraſherwell! you're gone to ſea,
And happineſs muſt ever baniſh'd be
From our flock-bed, our garret, and from me!

Perhaps he is on land at Portſmouth now
In the embraces of ſome Hampſhire ſow,
Who with a wanton pat cries, " Now, my Dear!
" You 're wiſhing for ſome Wapping doxy here:"—
" Pox on them all! but moſt on bouncing Nan,
" With whom the torments of my life began:
" She is a bitter one!"—You lie, you Rogue!
You are a treach'rous, falſe, ungrateful, dog.
Did not I take you up without a ſhirt?
Wo worth the hand that ſcrubb'd off all your dirt!
Did not my int'reſt liſt you in the Guard?
And had not you ten ſhillings? my reward.
Did I not then before the Sergeant's face
Treat Jack, Tom, Will, and Martin, with diſgrace,
And Thraſherwell before all others chuſe,
When I had the whole regiment to looſe?
Curs'd be the day when you produc'd your ſword,
The juſt revenger of your injur'd word!
The martial youth round in a circle ſtood,
With envious looks of love and itching blood:
You with ſome oaths that ſignify'd conſent
Cry'd, " Tom is Nan's!" and o'er the ſword you went:
Then I with ſome more modeſty would ſtep;
The Enſign thumb'd my bum and made me leap:
I leap'd indeed; and you prevailing men
Leave us no pow'r of leaping back again.

THE OLD CHEESE.

YOUNG Slouch the farmer had a jolly wife
That knew all the conveniencies of life,
Whose diligence and cleanliness supply'd
The wit which Nature had to him deny'd,
But then she had a tongue that would be heard,
And make a better man than Slouch afeard:
This made censorious persons of the town
Say Slouch could hardly call his soul his own;
For if he went abroad too much, she 'd use
To give him slippers and lock up his shoes.
Talking he lov'd, and ne'er was more afflicted
Than when he was disturb'd or contradicted;
Yet still into his story she would break
With "'Tis not so—Pray give me leave to speak."
His friends thought this was a tyrannick rule,
Not diff'ring much from calling of him fool,
Told him he must exert himself, and be
In fact the master of his family.
He said "That the next Tuesday noon would show
"Whether he were the lord at home or no,
"When their good company he would entreat
"To well-brew'd ale and clean if homely meat."
With aking heart home to his wife he goes,
And on his knees does his rash act disclose,
And prays dear Sukey that one day at least
He might appear as master of the feast.

"I 'll grant your wiſh," cries ſhe, "that you may ſee
"'Twere wiſdom to be govern'd ſtill by me."
The gueſts upon the day appointed came,
Each bowſy farmer with his ſimp'ring dame.
"Ho, Su!" cries Slouch, "why doſt not thou appear?
"Are theſe thy manners when aunt Snap is here?"
"I pardon aſk," ſays Su; "I 'd not offend
"Any my dear invites, much leſs his friend."
Slouch by his kinſman Gruffy had been taught
To entertain his friends with finding fault,
And make the main ingredient of his treat
His ſaying "There was nothing fit to eat:
"The boil'd pork ſtinks, the roaſt beef is not enough,
"The bacon is ruſty, and the hens are tough;
"The veal is all rags, the butter is turn'd to oil,
"And thus I buy good meat for ſluts to ſpoil.
"'Tis we are the firſt Slouches ever ſat
"Down to a pudding without plums or fat.
"What teeth or ſtomach is ſtrong enough to feed
"Upon a gooſe my grannum kept to breed?
"Why muſt old pigeons, and they ſtale, be dreſt,
"When there is ſo many ſquab ones in the neſt?
"This beer is ſour, this muſty thick and ſtale,
"And worſe than any thing except the ale."
Su all this while many excuſes made;
Some things ſhe own'd; at other times ſhe laid
The fault on chance, but oft'ner on the maid.

Then Cheeſe was brought. Says Slouch, "This e'en
"ſhall roll;
"I 'm ſure it is hard enough to make a bowl:
"This is ſkimmilk, and therefore it ſhall go;
"And this becauſe it is Suffolk follow too."
But now Su's patience did begin to waſte,
Nor longer could diſſimulation laſt.
"Pray let me riſe," ſays Su, "my Dear! I'll find
"A Cheeſe perhaps may be to Lovy's mind."
Then in an entry ſtanding cloſe, where he
Alone and none of all his friends might ſee,
And brandiſhing a cudgel he had felt,
And far enough on this occaſion ſmelt,
"I'll try, my Joy!" ſhe cry'd, "if I can pleaſe
"My deareſt with a taſte of his Old Cheeſe!"
Slouch turn'd his head, ſaw his wife's vig'rous hand
Wielding her oaken ſapling of command;
Knew well the twang. "Is't the Old Cheeſe my Dear!
"No need, no need of Cheeſe," cries Slouch; "I'll
"ſwear
"I think I 've din'd as well as my Lord Mayor!"

THE SKILLET.

Two neighbours, Clod and Jolt, would marry'd be,
But did not in their choice of wives agree.
Clod thought a cuckold was a monſtrous beaſt,
With two huge glaring eyes and ſpreading creſt,

Therefore refolving never to be fuch,
Marry'd a wife none but himfelf could touch.
Jolt thinking marriage was decreed by Fate,
Which fhews us whom to love and whom to hate,
To a young handfome jolly lafs made court,
And gave his friends convincing reafons for 't,
That fince in life fuch mifchief muft be had
Beauty had fomething ftill that was not bad.
Within two months Fortune was pleas'd to fend
A tinker to Clod's houfe with "Brafs to mend."
The good old wife furvey'd the brawny fpark,
And found his chine was large tho' count'nance dark.
Firft fhe appears in all her airs, then tries
The fquinting efforts of her am'rous eyes.
Much time was fpent and much defire expreft;
At laft the tinker cry'd, "Few words are beft:
"Give me that Skillet then; and if I'm true
"I dearly earn it for the work I do."
They 'greed; they parted. On the tinker goes
With the fame ftroke of pan and twang of nofe,
Till he at Jolt's beheld a fprightly dame
That fet his native vigour all on flame.
He looks, fighs, faints, at laft begins to cry,
"And can you then let a young tinker die?"
Says fhe, "Give me your Skillet then and try."
"My Skillet! both my heart and Skillet take;
"I wifh it were a copper for your fake."

After all this not many days did paſs
Clod ſitting at Jolt's houſe ſurvey'd the braſs
And glitt'ring pewter ſtanding on the ſhelf,
Then after ſome gruff mutt'ring with himſelf
Cry'd, " Pr'ythee, Jolt, how came that Skillet thine!"
" You know as well as I," quoth Jolt; " it 'en't mine;
" But I'll aſk Nan." 'Twas done: Nan told the matter
In truth as it was; then cry'd, " You've got the better:
" For tell me, Deareſt! whether you would chuſe
" To be a gainer by me or to loſe?
" As for our neighbour Clod, this I dare ſay,
" We 've Beauty and a Skillet more than they."

THE FISHERMAN.

Tom Banks by native induſtry was taught
The various arts how fiſhes might be caught.
Sometimes with trembling reed and ſingle hair,
And bait conceal'd, he 'd for their death prepare,
With melancholy thoughts and downcaſt eyes
Expecting till deceit had gain'd its prize.
Sometimes in riv'let quick and water clear
They 'd meet a fate more gen'rous from his ſpear.
To baſket oſt' he 'd pliant oſiers turn,
Where they might entrance find but no return.
His net well pois'd with lead he 'd ſometimes throw,
Encircling thus his captives all below:

But when he would a quick destruction make,
And from afar much larger booty take,
He'd thro' the stream where most descending set
From side to side his strong capacious net,
And then his rustick crew with mighty poles
Would drive his prey out from their oozy holes,
And so pursue them down the rolling flood
Gasping for breath, and almost chok'd with mud,
Till they of farther passage quite bereft
Were in the mash with gills entangled left.
Trot, who liv'd down the stream, ne'er thought his [beer
Was good unless he had his water clear.
He goes to Banks, and thus begins his tale:
"Lord! if you knew but how the people rail!
"They cannot boil, nor wash, nor rinse, they say,
"With water sometimes ink and sometimes whey,
"According as you meet with mud or clay.
"Besides, my wife these six months could not brew,
"And now the blame of this all is laid on you;
"For it will be a dismal thing to think
"How we old Trots must live and have no drink;
"Therefore I pray some other method take
"Of fishing, were it only for our sake."
Says Banks, "I'm sorry it should be my lot
"Ever to disoblige my gossip Trot:
"Yet it 'en't my fault; but so it is Fortune tries one
"To make his meat become his neighbour's poison;

"And fo we pray for winds upon this coaft
"By which on th' other navies may be loft:
"Therefore in patience reft tho' I proceed;
"There is no illnature in the cafe but need.
"Tho' for your ufe this water will not ferve,
"I 'drather you fhould choke than I fhould ftarve."

THE CONSTABLE.

One night a fellow wand'ring without fear,
As void of money as he was of care,
Confid'ring both were wafh'd away with beer,
With Strap the Conftable by fortune meets,
Whofe lanterns glare in the moft filent ftreets.
Refty, impatient any one fhould be
So bold as to be drunk that night but he, [late!
"Stand; who goes there," cries Strap, "at hours fo
"Anfwer. Your name, or elfe have at your pate."—
"I wo'nt ftand,'caufe I cann't. Why muft you know
"From whence it is I come or where I go?"
"See here my ftaff," cries Strap; "trembling be-
"Its radiant paint and ornamental gold: [hold
"Wooden authority when thus I wield
"Perfons of all degrees obedience yield.
"Then be you the beft man in all the City,
"Mark me, I to The Counter will commit ye."
"You! kifs, and fo forth. For that ne'er fpare;
"If that be all commit me if you dare:

"No perſon yet either thro' fear or ſhame
"Durſt commit me that once had heard my name."—
"Pray then what is it?"—"My name is Adultery;
"And faith your future life would pleaſant be
"Did your wife know you once committed me."

THE BEGGAR WOMAN.

A GENTLEMAN in hunting rode aſtray
More out of choice than that he loſt his way;
He let his company the hare purſue,
For he himſelf had other game in view;
A Beggar by her trade, yet not ſo mean
But that her cheeks were freſh and linen clean.
"Miſtreſs," quoth he, "and what if we two ſhou'd
"Retire a little way into the wood?"
She needed not much courtſhip to be kind;
He ambles on before, ſhe trots behind;
For little Bobby to her ſhoulders bound
Hinders the gentle dame from ridding ground.
He often aſk'd her to expoſe, but ſhe
Still fear'd the coming of his company.
Says ſhe, "I know an unfrequented place
"To the left hand where we our time may paſs,
"And the meanwhile your horſe may find ſome
"graſs."
Thither they come, and both the horſe ſecure;
Then thinks the ſquire I have the matter ſure.

She is ask'd to sit; but then excuse is made;
"Sitting," says she, "is not usual in my trade:
"Should you be rude, and then should throw me down,
"I might perhaps break more backs than my own."
He smiling cries, "Come, I'll the knot untie,
"And if you mean the child's we'll lay it by."
Says she, "That cann't be done, for then it will cry.
"I'd not have us, but chiefly for your sake,
"Discover'd by the hideous noise it would make.
"Use is another nature, and it would lack
"More than the breast its custom to the back."
"Then," says the gentleman, "I should be loth
"To come so far and disoblige you both:
"Were the child ty'd to me d' ye think it would do?"
"Mighty well, Sir! oh Lord! if ty'd to you."
With speed incredible to work she goes,
And from her shoulders soon the burthen throws;
Then mounts the infant with a gentle toss
Upon her gen'rous friend, and like a cross
The sheet she with a dext'rous motion winds,
Till a firm knot the wand'ring fabrick binds.
The gentleman had scarce got time to know
What she was doing: she about to go
Cries, "Sir, good by'e! be n't angry that we part;
"I trust the child to you with all my heart:
"But ere you get another it 'en't amiss
"To try a year or two how you'll keep this."

THE VESTRY.

WITHIN the ſhire of Nottingham there lies
A pariſh fam'd, becauſe the men were wiſe:
Of their own ſtrain they had a teacher ſought
Who all his life was better fed than taught.
It was about a quarter of a year
Since he had ſnor'd, and ate, and fatten'd there,
When he the houſekeepers their wives and all
Did to a ſort of pariſh meeting call,
Promiſing ſomething which well underſtood
In little time would turn to all their good.
When met he thus harangues: " Neighbours, I find
" That in your principles you 're well inclin'd,
" But then you 're all ſolicitous for Sunday;
" None ſeem to have a due regard for Monday:
" Moſt people then their dinners have to ſeek,
" As if it were not the firſt day of the week;
" But when you have haſh'd meat and nothing more
" You only curſe the day that went before.
" On Tueſday all folks dine by one conſent,
" And Wedneſday is only faſt by parliament;
" But faſting ſure by Nature ne'er was meant.
" The market will for Thurſday find a diſh,
" And Friday is a proper day for fiſh:
" After fiſh Saturday requires ſome meat;
" On Sunday you 're oblig'd by law to treat;

"And the ſame law ordains a pudding then,
"To children grateful, nor unfit for men.
"Take hens, geeſe, turkeys, then, or ſomething light,
"Becauſe their legs if broil'd will ſerve at night;
"And ſince I find that roaſt beef makes you ſleep,
"Corn it a little more and ſo it will keep.
"Roaſt it on Monday; pity it ſhould be ſpoil'd:
"On Tueſday mutton either roaſt or boil'd:
"On Wedneſday ſhould be ſome variety,
"A loin or breaſt of veal and pigeon pie:
"On Thurſday each man of his diſh make choice;
"'Tis fit on market-days we all rejoice:
"And then on Friday, as I ſaid before,
"We'll have a diſh of fiſh and one diſh more:
"On Saturday ſtew'd beef with ſomething nice,
"Provided quick and toſs'd up in a trice,
"Becauſe that in the afternoon you know
"By cuſtom we muſt to the alehouſe go;
"For elſe how ſhould our houſes ere be clean
"Except we gave ſome time to do it then?
"From whence, unleſs we value not our lives,
"None part without rememb'ring firſt our wives.
"But theſe are ſtanding rules for ev'ry day,
"And very good ones, as I ſo may ſay.
"After each meal let us take a hearty cup;
"And where we dine it is fitting that we ſup.
"Now for the application and the uſe.
"I found your care for Sunday an abuſe:

"All would be aſking, Pray, Sir, where d' you dine?
"I have roaſt beef, choice ven'ſon, turkey, chine."
"Ev'ry one is hawling me. Then ſay poor I
"It is a bitter bus'neſs to deny.
"But who is it cares for fourteen meals a-day?
"As for my own part I had rather ſtay
"And take them now and then—and here and there,
"According to my preſent bill of fare.
"You know I 'm ſingle: if you all agree
"To treat by turns each will be ſure of me."
The Veſtry all applauded with a hum,
And the ſev'n wiſeſt of them bad him come.

THE MONARCH.

When the young people ride the ſkimmington
There is a gen'ral trembling in a town:
Not only he for whom the perſon rides
Suffers, but they ſweep other doors beſides;
And by that hieroglyphick does appear
That the good woman is the maſter there.
At Jenny's door the barb'rous Heathens ſwept,
And his poor wife ſcolded until ſhe wept;
The mob ſwept on, whilſt ſhe ſent forth in vain
Her vocal thunder and her briny rain.
Some few days after two young ſparks came there,
And whilſt ſhe does her coffee freſh prepare
One for diſcourſe of news the maſter calls,
Th' other on this ungrateful ſubject falls.

" Pray, Mrs. Jenny *, whence came this report,
" For I believe there is no great reaſon for it,
" As if the folks th' other day ſwept your door,
" And half a dozen of your neighbours more?"
" There is nothing in it," ſays Jenny *; " that is done
" Where the wife rules, but here I rule alone;
" And Gentlemen, you 'd much miſtaken be
" If any one ſhould not think that of me.
" Within theſe walls my ſuppliant vaſſals know
" What due obedience to their prince they owe,
" And kiſs the ſhadow of my papal toe.
" My word is a law: when I my pow'r advance
" There is not a greater Monarch ev'n in France.
" Not the Mogul or Czar of Muſcovy,
" Not Preſter John or Cham of Tartary,
" Are in their houſes Monarch more than I.
" My houſe my caſtle is, and here I 'm king;
" I 'm pope, I 'm emp'ror, Monarch, ev'ry thing.
" What tho' my wife be partner of my bed?
" The Monarch's crown ſits only on this head."
His wife had plaguy ears as well as tongue,
And hearing all thought his diſcourſe too long:
Her conſcience ſaid he ſhould not tell ſuch lies,
And to her knowledge ſuch; ſhe therefore cries,
" D' ye hear—you—Sirrah—Monarch—there?—
" Come down
" And grind the coffee—or I 'll crack your crown."

* So in the copy from which we print, though it is evidently the Monarch himſelf who ſpeaks.

THE GARDEN PLOT, 1709.

When Naboth's Vineyard look'd so fine
The king cry'd out "Would this were mine!"
And yet no reason could prevail
To bring the owners to a sale.
Jezebel saw with haughty pride
How Ahab griev'd to be deny'd,
And thus accosted him with scorn;
"Shall Naboth make a monarch mourn?
"A king and weep! The ground is your own;
"I'll vest the Garden in the crown."
With that she hatch'd a Plot, and made
Poor Naboth answer with his head;
And when his harmless blood was spilt
The ground became the forfeit of his guilt.
  Poor Hall, renown'd for comely hair,
Whose hands perhaps were not so fair,
Yet had a Jezebel as near.
Hall, of small Scripture conversation,
Yet howe'er Hungerford's quotation,
By some strange accident had got
The story of this Garden Plot,
Wisely foresaw he might have reason
To dread a modern bill of treason,
If Jezebel should please to want
His small addition to her grant,

Therefore resolv'd in humble sort
To begin first and make his court;
And seeing nothing else would do
Gave a third part to save th' other two.

THE ART OF MAKING PUDDINGS.

I. HASTYPUDDING.

I SING of food by British nurse design'd
To make the stripling brave and maiden kind;
Delay not, Muse! in numbers to rehearse
The pleasures of our life and sinews of our verse;
Let Pudding's dish most wholesome be thy theme,
And dip thy swelling plumes in fragrant cream.
Sing then that Dish so fitting to improve
A tender modesty and trembling love,
Swimming in butter of a golden hue,
Garnish'd with drops of rose's spicy dew.
Sometimes the frugal matron seems in haste,
Nor cares to beat her Pudding into paste;
Yet milk in proper skillet she will place,
And gently spice it with a blade of mace,
Then set some careful damsel to look to 't,
And still to stir away the bishop's foot;
For if burnt milk should to the bottom stick,
Like over-heated zeal it would make folks sick.
Into the milk her flour she gently throws,
As valets now would powder tender beaux;

The liquid forms in Hafty Mafs unite,
Forms equally delicious as they 're white.
In fhining difh the Hafty Mafs is thrown,
And feems to want no graces but its own;
Yet ftill the houfewife brings in frefh fupplies
To gratify the tafte and pleafe the eyes;
She on the furface lumps of butter lays,
Which melting with the heat its beams difplays,
From whence it caufes, wondrous to behold,
A filver foil bedeck'd with ftreams of gold!

II. A HEDGE-HOG AFTER A QUAKING PUDDING.

As Neptune when the three-tongu'd fork he takes
With ftrength divine the globe terreftrial fhakes,
The higheft hills, Nature's ftupendous piles,
Break with the force and quiver into ifles,
Yet on the ruins grow the lofty pines,
And fnow unmelted in the vallies fhines:
Thus when the dame her Hedge-hog Pudding [breaks,
Her fork indents irreparable ftreaks,
The trembling lump with butter all around
Seems to perceive its fall and then be drown'd;
And yet the tops appear, whilft almonds thick
With bright loaf fugar on the furface ftick.

III. PUDDINGS OF VARIOUS COLOURS IN A DISH.

You, painter-like, now variegate the fhade,
And thus from Puddings there is a landfcape made:

And Wife and London *, when they would diſpoſe
Their evergreens into wellorder'd rows,
So mix their Colours that each diff'rent plant
Gives light and ſhadow as the others want.

IV. MAKING OF A GOOD PUDDING GETS A GOOD HUSBAND.

Ye Virgins! as theſe lines you kindly take
So may you ſtill ſuch glorious Pudding make,
That crowds of youth may ever be at ſtrife
To gain the ſweet compoſer for his wife.

V. SACK AND SUGAR TO QUAKING PUDDING.

"Oh, delicious!"

But where muſt our confeſſion firſt begin
If Sack and Sugar once be thought a ſin?

VI. BROILED PUDDING.

Hid in the dark we mortals ſeldom know
From whence the ſource of happineſs may flow:
Who to Broil'd Pudding would their thoughts have bent
From bright Pewteria's loveſick diſcontent?
Yet ſo it was; Pewteria felt love's heat
In fiercer flames than thoſe which roaſt her meat.
No Pudding is loſt but may with freſh delight
Be either fry'd next day or broil'd at night.

* The two royal gardeners. *King.*

VII. MUTTON PUDDING.

But Mutton! thou moſt nouriſhing of meat!
Whoſe ſingle joint † may conſtitute a treat,
When made a Pudding you excel the reſt
As much as that of other food is beſt.

RECEIPT TO MAKE AN OATMEAL PUDDING.

Of Oats decorticated take two pound,
And of new milk enough the ſame to drown;
Of raiſins of the ſun, ſton'd, ounces eight,
Of currants cleanly pick'd an equal weight;
Of ſuet finely ſlic'd an ounce at leaſt,
And ſix eggs newly taken from the neſt:
Seaſon this mixture well with ſalt and ſpice
'Twill make a Pudding far exceeding rice;
And you may ſafely feed on it like farmers,
For the receipt is learned Dr. Harmer's.

RECEIPT TO MAKE A SACKPOSSET.

From far Barbadoes on the weſtern main
Fetch ſugar half a pound; fetch ſack from Spain
A pint; then fetch from India's fertile coaſt
Nutmeg, the glory of the Britiſh toaſt.

† A loin. *King.*

APPLEPIE †.

Of all the delicates which Britons try
To pleaſe the palate or delight the eye,
Of all the ſev'ral kinds of ſumptuous fare,
There is none that can with Applepie compare
For coſtly flavour or ſubſtantial paſte,
For outward beauty or for inward taſte.
  When firſt this infant diſh in faſhion came
Th' ingredients were but coarſe and rude the frame;
As yet unpoliſh'd in the modern arts
Our fathers ate brown bread inſtead of tarts;
Pies were but indigeſted lumps of dough
Till time and juſt expenſe improv'd them ſo.
  King Cole (as ancient Britiſh annals tell)
Renown'd for fiddling and for eating well,
Pippins in homely cakes with honey ſtew'd;
" Juſt as he bak'd," the proverb ſays, " he brew'd."
Their greater art ſucceeding princes ſhow'd,
And modell'd paſte into a neater mode;
Invention now grew lively, palate nice,
And ſugar pointed out the way to ſpice.
  But here for ages unimprov'd we ſtood,
And Applepie was ſtill but homely food,

† This poem hath been claimed as Mr. Welſted's in The Weekly Oracle Auguſt 16th 1735, with a remark that " Dr. King " the Civilian, a gentleman of no mean reputation in the world " of letters, let it paſs ſome years without contradiction as his " own." It is in Dr. King's manner.

When godlike Edgar of the Saxon line,
Polite of taſte and ſtudious to refine,
In the deſſert perfuming Quinces caſt,
And perfected with cream the rich repaſt;
Hence we proceed the outward parts to trim,
With crinkumcranks adorn the poliſh'd brim,
And each freſh Pie the pleas'd ſpectator greets
With virgin fancies and with new conceits.
Dear Nelly! learn with care the paſtry art,
And mind the eaſy precepts I impart:
Draw out your dough elaborately thin,
And ceaſe not to fatigue your rollingpin:
Of eggs and butter ſee you mix enough,
For then the paſte will ſwell into a puff,
Which will in crumpling ſounds your praiſe report,
And eat, as houſewives ſpeak, exceeding ſhort.
Rang'd in thick order let your Quinces lie,
They give a charming reliſh to the Pie.
If you are wiſe you 'll not brown ſugar ſlight,
The browner (if I form my judgment right)
A deep vermilion tincture will diſpenſe,
And make your Pippin redder than the Quince.
When this is done there will be wanting ſtill
The juſt reſerve of cloves and candy'd peel;
Nor can I blame you if a drop you take
Of orangewater for perfuming ſake.
But here the nicety of art is ſuch
There muſt not be too little nor too much:

If with diſcretion you theſe coſts employ
They quicken appetite, if not they cloy.
Next in your mind this maxim firmly root,
" Never o'ercharge your Pie with coſtly fruit."
Oft' let your bodkin thro' the lid be ſent
To give the kind impriſon'd treaſure vent,
Leſt the fermenting liquor, cloſely preſt,
Inſenſibly by conſtant fretting waſte,
And o'erinform your tenement of paſte.
To chuſe your baker think and think again,
(You 'll ſcarce one honeſt baker find in ten:)
Aduſt and bruis'd I 've often ſeen a Pie
In rich diſguiſe and coſtly ruin lie,
While penſive cruſt beheld its form o'erthrown,
Exhauſted Apples griev'd their moiſture flown,
And ſirup from the ſides ran trickling down.
O be not, be not tempted, lovely Nell!
While the hot-piping odours ſtrongly ſmell,
While the delicious fume creates a guſt,
To lick the o'erflowing juice or bite the cruſt.
You 'll rather ſtay (if my advice may rule)
Until the hot is corrected by the cool;
Till you 've infus'd the luſcious ſtore of cream,
And chang'd the purple for a ſilver ſtream;
Till that ſmooth viand its mild force produce,
And give a ſoftneſs to the tarter juice.
Then ſhalt thou pleas'd the noble fabrick view,
And have a ſlice into the bargain too;

Honour and ſame alike we will partake,
So well I'll eat what you ſo richly make.

UPON A GIANT'S ANGLING.

His Angle-rod made of a ſturdy oak,
His Line a cable which in ſtorms ne'er broke,
His Hook he baited with a dragon's tail,
And ſat upon a rock and bobb'd for whale.

UPON THE

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S

HOUSE AT WOODSTOCK.

Atria longe patent; ſed nec cœnantibus uſquam,
Nec ſomno locus eſt; quam bene non habites? MART. *Epig.*

See, Sir, ſee here is the grand approach;
This way is for his Grace's coach:
There lies the bridge, and here is the clock;
Obſerve the lion and the cock,
The ſpacious court, the colonade,
And mark how wide the hall is made.
The chimnies are ſo well deſign'd
They never ſmoke in any wind.
This gall'ry is contriv'd for walking,
The windows to retire and talk in;
The council chamber for debate,
And all the reſt are rooms of ſtate.

Thanks, Sir, cry'd I; it is very fine;
But where d' ye ſleep, or where d' ye dine?
I find by all you have been telling
That it is a houſe but not a dwelling.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

Old Paddy Scot, with none of the beſt faces,
Had a moſt knotty pate at ſolving caſes;
In any point could tell you to a hair
When was a grain of honeſty to ſpare.
It happen'd after pray'rs one certain night
At home he had occaſion for a light
To turn Socinus, Leſſius, Eſcobar,
Fam'd Covarruvias, and the great Navarre;
And therefore as he from the chapel came
Extinguiſhing a yellow taper's flame,
By which juſt now he had devoutly pray'd,
The uſeful remnant to his ſleeve convey'd,
There happen'd a phyſician to be by
Who thither came but only as a ſpy
To find out others' faults, but let alone
Repentance for the crimes that were his own.
This doctor follow'd Paddy; ſaid "He lack'd
"To know what made a ſacrilegious fact."
Paddy with ſtudious gravity replies,
"That is as the place or as the matter lies.
"If from a place unſacred you ſhould take
"A ſacred thing, this ſacrilege would make;

" Or an unſacred thing from ſacred place,
" There would be nothing diff'rent in the caſe;
" But if both thing and place ſhould ſacred be
" 'Twere height of ſacrilege, as doctors all agree."
" Then," ſays the Doctor, " for more light in this,
" To put a ſpecial caſe were not amiſs.
" Suppoſe a man ſhould take a Common Pray'r
" Out of a chapel where there is ſome to ſpare?"
" A Common Pray'r!" ſays Paddy; " that would be
" A ſacrilege of an intenſe degree."
" Suppoſe that one ſhould in theſe holydays
" Take thence a bunch of roſemary or bays?"
" I 'd not be too cenſorious in that caſe,
" But 't would be ſacrilege ſtill from the place."
" What if a man ſhould from the chapel take
" A taper's end? ſhould he a ſcruple make,
" If homeward to his chambers he ſhould go,
" Whether it were theft or ſacrilege or no?"
The ſly inſinuation was perceiv'd:
Says Paddy, " Doctor, you may be deceiv'd
" Unleſs in caſes you diſtinguiſh right;
" But this may be reſolv'd at the firſt ſight.
" As to the taper it could be no theft,
" For it had done its duty and was left;
" And ſacrilege in having it is none,
" Becauſe that in my ſleeve I now have one."

LITTLE MOUTHS.

FROM London Paul the carrier coming down
To Wantage meets a beauty of the Town:
They both accoſt with ſalutation pretty,
As, "How doſt, Paul?"—"Thank you; and how
"doſt, Betty?"
"Didſt ſee our Jack nor ſiſter? No; you 've ſeen
"I warrant none but thoſe who ſaw the queen."
"Many words ſpoke in jeſt," ſays Paul, "are true.
"I came from Windſor*; and if ſome folks knew
"As much as I it might be well for you."
"Lord, Paul! what is it?"—"Why, give me ſome-
"thing for 't;
"This kiſs, and this. The matter then is ſhort:
"The Parliament have made a proclamation,
"Which will this week be ſent all round the nation,
"That maids with Little Mouths do all prepare
"On Sunday next to come before the Mayor,
"And that all bachelors be likewiſe there;
"For maids with Little Mouths ſhall if they pleaſe
"From out of theſe young men chuſe two apiece."
Betty with bridled chin extends her face,
And then contracts her lips with ſimp'ring grace;
Cries "Hem! pray what muſt all the huge ones do
"For huſbands when we Little Mouths have two?"

* Where Queen Anne and her court frequently reſided.

"Hold, not ſo faſt," cries he: "pray pardon me;
"Maids with huge gaping wide mouths muſt have
three."
Betty diſtorts her face with hideous ſquall,
And mouth of a foot wide begins to bawl,
"Oh ho! is it ſo? The caſe is alter'd, Paul.
"Is that the point? I wiſh the three were ten;
"I warrant I find Mouth if they 'll find men."

HOLD FAST BELOW.

There was a lad, th' unluckieſt of his crew,
Was ſtill contriving ſomething bad but new:
His comrades all obedience to him paid
In executing what deſigns he laid:
'Twas they ſhould rob the orchard he 'd retire;
His foot was ſafe whilſt theirs was in the fire.
He kept them in the dark to that degree
None ſhould preſume to be ſo wiſe as he;
But being at the top of all affairs
The profit was his own, the miſchief theirs.
There fell ſome words made him begin to doubt
The rogues would grow ſo wiſe to find him out:
He was not pleas'd with this, and ſo next day
He cries to them, as going juſt to play,
"What a rare jackdaw's neſt is there! look up,
"You ſee it is almoſt at the ſteeple's top."
"Ah!" ſays another, "we can have no hope
"Of getting thither to it without a rope."
Says then the fleering ſpark, with courteous grin,
By which he drew his infant cullies in,

"Nothing more eaſy! did you never ſee
"How in a ſwarm bees hanging bee by bee
"Make a long ſort of rope below the tree?
"Why may n't we do the ſame, good Mr. John?
"For that contrivance pray let me alone.
"Tom ſhall hold Will, you Will, and I 'll hold you,
"And then I warrant you the thing will do:
"But if there is any does not care to try,
"Let us have no jackdaws, and what care I!"
That touch'd the quick, and ſo they ſoon comply'd;
No argument like that was e'er deny'd,
And therefore inſtantly the thing was try'd.
They hanging down on ſtrength above depend,
Then to himſelf mutters their truſty friend;
"The dogs are almoſt uſeleſs grown to me;
"I ne'er ſhall have ſuch opportunity
"To part with them, and ſo e'en let them go."
Then cries aloud, "So ho! my Lads! ſo ho!
"You 're gone unleſs ye all Hold Faſt Below.
"They 've ſerv'd my turn, ſo it is fit time to drop 'em:
"The devil if he wants them let him ſtop 'em."

JUST AS YOU PLEASE,

OR, THE INCURIOUS.

A VIRTUOSO had a mind to ſee
One that would never diſcontented be,
But in a careleſs way to all agree.

He had a servant much of Æsop's kind,
Of personage uncouth but sprightly mind.
"Humpus," says he, "I order that you find
"Out such a man, with such a character
"As in this paper now I give you here,
"Or I will lug your ears or crack your pate,
"Or rather you shall meet with a worse fate,
"For I will break your back and set you straight.
"Bring him to dinner." Humpus soon withdrew,
Was safe as having such a one in view
At Covent Garden Dial, whom he found
Sitting with thoughtless air and look profound,
Who solitary gaping without care
Seem'd to say, "Who is it? wilt go any where?"
Says Humpus, "Sir, my master bad me pray
"Your company to dine with him to-day."
He snuffs, then follows. Up the stairs he goes,
Never pulls off his hat nor cleans his shoes,
But looking round him saw a handsome room,
And did not much repent that he was come.
Close to the fire he draws an elbowchair,
And lolling easy doth for sleep prepare.
In comes the family, but he sits still,
Thinks, "Let them take the other chairs that will."
The master thus accosts him: "Sir, you 're wet,
"Pray have a cushion underneath your feet."
Thinks he, "If I do spoil it need I care?
"I see he has eleven more to spare."

Dinner is brought up; the wife is bid retreat,
And at the upper end muſt be his ſeat.
" This is not very uſual," thinks the clown;
" But is not all the family his own?
" And why ſhould I for contradiction's ſake
" Loſe a good dinner which he bids me take?
" If from his table ſhe diſcarded be
" What need I care? there is the more for me."
After a while the daughter is bid to ſtand,
And bring him whatſoever he 'll command.
Thinks he, " The better from the fairer hand!"
Young maſter next muſt riſe to fill him wine,
And ſtarve himſelf to ſee the booby dine.
He does. The father aſks, " What have you there?
" How dare you give a ſtranger vinegar?"
" Sir, it was Champaigne I gave him."--" Sir, indeed!
" Take him and ſcourge him till the raſcal bleed;
" Do n't ſpare him for his tears or age: I 'll try
" If cat o' nine tails can excuſe a lie."
Thinks the clown, " That it was wine I do believe,
" But ſuch young rogues are apteſt to deceive:
" He is none of mine, but his own fleſh and blood,
" And how know I but it may be for his good?"
When the deſſert came on, and jellies brought,
Then was the diſmal ſcene of finding fault:
They were ſuch hideous, filthy, pois'nous, ſtuff,
Could not be rail'd at nor reveng'd enough.

Humpus was aſk'd who made them? Trembling he
Said, "Sir, it was my lady gave them me."—
"No more ſuch poiſon ſhall ſhe ever give;
"I'll burn the witch; it 'en't fitting ſhe ſhould live.
"Set faggots in the court; I'll make her fry;
"And pray, good Sir! may it pleaſe you to be by?"
Then, ſmiling, ſays the clown, "Upon my life
"A pretty fancy this to burn one's wife!
"And ſince I find it is really your deſign,
"Pray let me juſt ſtep home and fetch you mine."

ULYSSES AND TIRESIAS.

ULYSSES.

Tell me, old Prophet, tell me how
Eſtate when ſunk and pocket low,
What ſubtle arts, what ſecret ways,
May the deſponding fortune raiſe?
You laugh; thus miſery is ſcorn'd.
TIRES. Sure it is enough you are return'd
Home by your wit, and view again
Your farm of Ithac and wife Pen.
ULYSS. Sage Friend! whoſe word is a law to me,
My want and nakedneſs you ſee.
The ſparks who made my wife ſuch offers
Have left me nothing in my coffers;
They 've kill'd my oxen, ſheep, and geeſe,
Eat up my bacon and my cheeſe.

Lineage and virtue at this puſh
Without the gelt is not worth a ruſh.
TIRES. Why, not to mince the matter more,
You are averſe to being poor,
Therefore find out ſome rich old cuff
That never thinks he has enough.
Have you a ſwan, a turkey pie,
With woodcocks, thither let them fly;
The firſt fruits of your early ſpring
Not to the gods but to him bring.
Tho' he a foundling baſtard be,
Convict of frequent perjury,
His hands with brother's blood imbru'd,
By juſtice for that crime purſu'd,
Never the wall when aſk'd refuſe,
Nor loſe your friend to ſave your ſhoes.
ULYSS. 'Twixt Damas and the kennel go!
Which is the filthieſt of the two?
Before Troy town it was not ſo:
There with the beſt I us'd to ſtrive.
TIRES. Why, by that means you 'll never thrive.
ULYSS. It will be very hard, that is true;
Yet I 'll my gen'rous mind ſubdue.

THAME AND ISIS.

So the god Thame, as thro' ſome pond he glides,
Into the arms of wand'ring Iſis ſlides;

His ſtrength, her ſoftneſs, in one bed combine,
And both with bands inextricable join :
Now no cerulean nymph or ſea god knows
Where Iſis or where Thame diſtinctly flows,
But with a laſting charm they blend their ſtream,
Producing one imperial River—Thame.

NERO, A SATIRE.

We know how ruin once did reign
When Rome was fir'd and Senate ſlain :
The prince with brother's gore imbru'd
His tender mother's life purſu'd ;
How he the carcaſs as it lay
Did without tear or bluſh ſurvey,
And cenſure each majeſtick grace
That ſtill adorn'd that breathleſs face ;
Yet he with ſword could domineer
Where dawning light does firſt appear
From rays of Phœbus ; and command
Thro' his whole courſe, ev'n to that ſtrand
Where he abhorring ſuch a ſight
Sinks in the wat'ry gloom of night ;
Yet he could death and terrour throw
Where Thulé ſtarves in northern ſnow,
Where ſouthern heats do fiercely paſs
O'er burning ſands that melt to glaſs.

Fond hopes! could height of pow'r aſſuage
The mad exceſs of Nero's rage?
Hard is the fate when ſubjects find
The ſword unjuſt to poiſon join'd!

INDIAN ODE.

DARCO.
CÆSAR, poſſeſs'd of Egypt's queen,
And conq'ror of her charms,
Would envy had he Darco ſeen
When lock'd in Zabra's arms.

ZABRA. Should Memnon that fam'd black revive,
Aurora's darling ſon,
For Zabra's heart in vain he 'd ſtrive,
Where Darco reigns alone.

DARCO. Freſh mulberries new preſs'd diſcloſe
A blood of purple hue,
And Zabra's lips like crimſon roſe
Swell with a fragrant dew.

ZABRA. The am'rous Sun has kiſs'd his face,
And now thoſe beams are ſet
A lovely night aſſumes the place
And tinges all with jet.

DARCO. Darkneſs is myſtick prieſt to Love,
And does its rites conceal:
O'erſpread with clouds ſuch joys we 'll prove
As Day ſhall ne'er reveal.

ZABRA. In gloom of night when Darco's eyes
Are guides what heart can ftray?
Whoever views his teeth defcries
The bright and Milky Way.

DARCO. Tho' born to rule fierce Libya's fands
That with gold's luftre fhine,
With eafe I quit thofe high commands
Whilft Zabra thus is mine.

ZABRA. Should I to that bleft world repair
Where whites no portion have,
I'd foon if Darco were not there
Fly back and be a flave.

ADVICE TO HORACE

TO TAKE HIS LEAVE OF TRINIT. COL. CAMBRIDG

HORACE, you now have long enough
At Cambridge play'd the fool,
Take back your criticifing ftuff
To Epicurus' fchool.

But in excufe of this you'll fay
You're fo unwieldy grown
That if amongft that herd you lay
You fcarcely fhould be known.

How many butter'd cruſts you 've toſt
Into your weem ſo big,
That you 're more like (at College coſt)
A porpoiſe than a pig.

But you from head to foot are brawn,
And ſo from ſide to ſide:
You meaſure (were a circle drawn)
No longer than you 're wide.

Then bleſs me! Sir, how many craggs
You 've drunk of potent ale!
No wonder if the belly ſwaggs
That is rival to a whale.

E'en let the Fellows take the reſt,
They 've had a jolly taſter;
But no great likelihood to feaſt
'Twixt Horace and the maſter!

OF DREAMS.

"For a Dream cometh thro' the multitude of buſineſs."
ECCLES. v. 4.

"Somnia, quæ ludunt mente volitantibus umbris,
"Non delubra deum nec ab æthere numina mittunt,
"Sed ſibi quiſque facit," &c. PETRONIUS.

THE flitting Dreams that play before the wind
Are not by Heav'n for prophecies deſign'd,
Nor by ethereal beings ſent us down,
But each man is creator of his own;
For when their weary limbs are ſunk in eaſe
The ſouls eſſay to wander where they pleaſe,
The ſcatter'd images have ſpace to play,
And night repeats the labours of the day.

I waked ſpeaking theſe out of a Dream in the Morning.

NATURE a thouſand ways complains,
A thouſand words expreſs her pains,
But for her laughter has but three,
And very ſmall ones, Ha! ha! he!

TO THE

DUKE OF BEAUFORT.

A Paraphraſe on Naudæus's Addreſs to Cardinal de Bagni.*

THE time will come (if Fate ſhall pleaſe to give
This feeble thread of mine more ſpace to live)

* Dr. King dedicated his Engliſh verſion of that work to the Duke of Marlborough.

When I ſhall you and all your acts rehearſe
In a much loftier and more fluent verſe:
To Ganges' banks and China farther eaſt,
To Carolina and the diſtant weſt,
Your name ſhall fly, and ev'ry where be bleſt;
Thro' Spain and tracks of Libyan ſands ſhall go
To Ruſſian limits and to Zembla's ſnow:
Then ſhall my eager Muſe expand her wing,
Your love of juſtice and your goodneſs ſing,
Your greatneſs equal to the ſtate you hold,
In counſel wiſe, in execution bold;
How there appears in all that you diſpenſe
Beauty, good nature, and the ſtrength of ſenſe.
Theſe let the world admire.—From you a ſmile
Is more than a reward of all my toil.

VERSES

FOUND IN THE AUTHOR'S POCKET.

I SING the various chances of the world,
Thro' which men are by Fate or Fortune hurl'd.
'Tis by no ſcheme or method that I go,
But paint in verſe my notions as they flow;
With heat the wanton images purſue,
Fond of the old, yet ſtill creating new;
Fancy myſelf in ſome ſecure retreat,
Reſolve to be content, and ſo be great.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

THE LATE EARL OF ——*,

Upon his diſputing publickly at Chriſt Church, Oxford.

MUSE! to thy maſter's lodgings quickly fly,
Entrance to thee his goodneſs won't deny;
With due ſubmiſſion tell him you are mine,
And that you trouble him with this deſign,
Exactly to inform his noble youth
Of what you heard juſt now from vanquiſh'd Truth:
" Conquer'd, undone, 't is ſtrange that there ſhould be
" In this confeſſion pleaſure ev'n to me.
" With well wrought terms my hold I ſtrongly barr'd,
" And rough diſtinctions were my ſurly guard.
" Whilſt I ſure of my cauſe this ſtrength poſſeſs
" A noble youth, advancing with addreſs,
" Led glitt'ring Falſehood on with ſo much art
" That I ſoon felt ſad omens in my heart.
" Words with that grace," ſaid I, "muſt needs perſuade;
" I find myſelf inſenſibly betray'd.
" Whilſt he purſues his conqueſt I retreat,
" And by that name would palliate my defeat.
" But here methinks I do the proſpect ſee
" Of all thoſe triumphs he prepares for me;

* Probably James the third Earl of Angleſea.

"When Virtue or when Innocence opprest
"Fly for sure refuge to his gen'rous breast,
"When with a noble mien his youth appears,
"And gentle voice persuades the list'ning peers,
"Judges shall wonder when he clears the laws,
"Dispelling mists which long have hid their cause;
"Then by his aid, aid that can never fail,
"Ev'n I tho' conquer'd now shall sure prevail;
"Thousands of wreaths to me he shall repay
"For that one laurel Errour wears to-day."

TO MR. CARTER,

STEWARD TO THE LORD CARTERET.

Accept of health from one who writing this
Wishes you in the same that now he is:
Tho' to your person he may be unknown
His wishes are as hearty as your own;
For Carter's drink when in his master's hand
Has pleasure and good nature at command.
What tho' his lordship's lands are in your trust?
'Tis greater to his brewing to be just:
As to that matter no one can find fault
If you supply him still with well dry'd malt.
Still be a servant constant to afford
A liquor fitting for your gen'rous lord;
Liquor like him, from seeds of worth in light
With sparkling atoms still ascending bright.

May your accounts so with your lord stand clear,
And have your reputation like your beer!
The main perfection of your life pursue;
In March, October, ev'ry month, still brew,
And get the character of Who but you?

EPISTLE TO MR. GODDARD,

WRITTEN BY DR. KING

In the Character of The Review.

To Windsor Canon, his wellchosen friend,
The just Review does kindest greeting send.
I 've found the man by Nature's gift design'd
To please my ear and captivate my mind,
By sympathy the eager passions move,
And strike my soul with wonder and with love!
Happy that place where much less care is had
To save the virtuous than protect the bad,
Where pastors must their stubborn flock obey,
Or that be thought a scandal which they say;
For should a sin by some grand soul belov'd
Chance with an awkward zeal to be reprov'd,
And tender conscience meet the fatal curse
Of hard'ning by reproof and growing worse,
When things to such extremities are brought
'Tis not the sinner's but the teacher's fault.
With great men's wickedness then rest content,
And give them their own leisure to repent,
Whilst their own headstrong will alone must curb them,
And nothing vex or venture to disturb them,

Leſt they ſhould loſe their favour in the Court,
And no one but themſelves be ſorry for 't.
Were I in panegyrick vers'd like you
I 'd bring whole off'rings to your merit due.
You 've gain'd the conqueſt, and I freely own
Diſſenters may by churchmen be outdone.
Tho' once we ſeem'd to be at ſuch a diſtance,
Yet both concentre in divine reſiſtance;
Both teach what kings muſt do when ſubjects fight,
And both diſclaim hereditary right.
By Jove's command two eagles took their flight,
One from the eaſt, the ſource of infant light,
The other from the weſt, that bed of night:
The birds of Thunder both at Delphi meet,
The centre of the world, and Wiſdom's ſeat:
So by a pow'r not decent here to name
To one fixt point our various notions came;
Your thoughts from Oxford and from Windſor flew,
WhilſtShopandMeeting-houſebroughtforthReview:
Your brains fierce eloquence and logick try'd,
My humbler ſtrain choice ſocks and ſtockings cry'd;
Yet in our common principles we meet,
You ſinking from the head, I riſing from the feet.
Pardon a haſty Muſe, ambitious grown
T' extol a merit far beyond his own;
For tho' a mod'rate painter cann't command
The ſtroke of Titian's or of Raphael's hand,
Yet their tranſcendent works his fancy raiſe,
And there is ſome ſkill in knowing what to praiſe.

AD AMICUM.

Primus ab Angliacis, Carolinæ Tyntus * in oras,
Palladias artes ſecum, Cytharamque ſonantem
Attulit; aſt illi comites Parnaſſido una
Adveniunt, autorque viæ conſultus Apollo:
Ille idem ſparſos longè latéque colonos
Legibus in cœtus æquis, atque oppida cogit;
Hinc hominum molliri animos, hinc mercibus optis
Creſcere divitias et ſurgere tecta deorum.
Talibus auſpiciis doctæ conduntur Athenæ,
Sic byrſa ingentem Didonis crevit in urbem
Carthago regum domitrix; ſic aurea Roma
Orbe triumphato nitidum caput intulit aſtris.

ATTEMPTED IN ENGLISH.

Tynte was the man who firſt from Britiſh ſhore
Palladian arts to Carolina bore;
His tuneful harp attending Muſes ſtrung,
And Phœbus' ſkill inſpir'd the lays he ſung;
Strong tow'rs and palaces their riſe began,
And liſt'ning ſtones to ſacred fabricks ran;
Juſt laws were taught and curious arts of peace,
And trade's briſk current flow'd with wealth's in-
On ſuch foundations learned Athens roſe, [creaſe.
So Dido's thong did Carthage firſt encloſe,
So Rome was taught old empires to ſubdue,
As Tynte creates and governs now the new.

* Major Tynte, Governor of Carolina.

A GENTLEMAN TO HIS WIFE.

When your kind wiſhes firſt I ſought
'Twas in the dawn of youth;
I toaſted you, for you I fought,
But never thought of truth.
You ſaw how ſtill my fire increas'd,
I griev'd to be deny'd;
You ſaid, " Till I to wander ceas'd
" You 'd guard your heart with pride."
I that once feign'd too many lies
In height of paſſion ſwore
By you and other deities
That I would range no more.
I 've ſworn, and therefore now am fix'd,
No longer falſe and vain;
My paſſion is with honour mix'd,
And both ſhall ever reign.

A LETTER

SENT BY SIR JOHN SUCKLING FROM FRANCE,

Deploring his ſad Eſtate and Flight; with a Diſcovery of the Plot and Conſpiracy intended by him and his Adherents againſt England.

Go, doleful Sheet! to ev'ry ſtreet
Of London round about-a,
And tell 'em all thy maſter's fall
That lived bravely mought-a.

Sir John in fight as brave a wight
As the knight of the Sun-a,
Is forc'd to go away with wo,
And from his country run-a.
Unhappy ſtars to breed ſuch jars,
That England's chief Sucklin-a
Should prove of late the ſcorn of Fate
And Fortune's unlucklin-a.
But ye may ſee inconſtancy
In all things under heav'n-a.
When god withdraws his gracious laws
We run at ſix and ſev'n-a.
Alas, alas! how things do paſs!
What boots a handſome face-a,
A pretty wit, and legs to it,
Not ſeaſon'd well with grace-a?
I that in court have made ſuch ſport
As never yet was found-a,
And tickled all both great and ſmall
The maids of honour round-a:
I that did play both night and day
And revell'd here and there-a,
Had change of ſuits, made lays to lutes,
And bluſter'd ev'ry where-a:
I that could write and well endite
As 't is to ladies known-a,
And bore the praiſe for ſongs and plays
Far more than were mine own-a:

I that did lend and yearly ſpend
Thouſands out of my purſe-a,
And gave the king, a wondrous thing!
At once a hundred horſe-a.
Bleſt providence that kept my ſenſe
So well, that I fond elf-a
Should chance to hit to have the wit
To keep one for myſelf-a.
I that march'd forth into the North,
And went up hills amain-a
With ſword and lance like king of France,
And ſo came down again-a:
I that have done ſuch things the ſun
And moon did never ſee-a,
Yet now poor John, a pox upon
The Fates, is fain to flee-a.
And for the brave I us'd to have
In all I wore or ate-a,
Accurſed Chance to ſpoil the dance,
I ſcarce have clothes or meat-a.
Could not the plot by which I got
Such credit in the play-a,
Aglaura bright, that Perſian wight,
My roving fancy ſtay-a?
But I muſt fly at things ſo high
Above me not allow'd-a,
And I Sir John like Ixion
For Juno kiſs a cloud-a.

Would I had burn'd it when I turn'd it
Out of a comedy-a;
There was an omen in the nomen
I fear of Tragedy-a;
Which is at laſt upon me caſt,
And I proclaim'd a ſot-a,
For thinking to with Engliſh do
As with a Perſian plot-a.
But now I find with grief of mind
What will not me avail-a,
That plots in jeſt are ever beſt
When plots in earneſt fail-a.
Why could not I in time eſpy
My errour? but what is worſe-a,
Unhappy vermine muſt bring in Jermin
The Maſter of the Horſe-a.
The valiant Percy, god have mercy
Upon his noble ſoul-a!
Tho' he be wiſe by my advice
Was in the plot moſt foul-a.
The witty poet, (let all know it)
D'Avenant by name-a,
In this deſign that I call mine
I utterly diſclaim-a.
Tho' he can write he cannot fight
And bravely take a fort-a,
Nor can he ſmell a project well,
His noſe it is too ſhort-a.

'Tis true we met in council ſet,
And plotted here in proſe-a,
And what he wanted it is granted
A bridge made of his noſe-a.
But to impart it to his art
We had made pretty ſtuff-a:
No, for the plot that we had got
One poet was enough-a;
Which had not Fate and prying State
Cruſh'd in the very womb-a,
We had e'er long by power ſtrong
Made England but one tomb-a.
Oh what a fright had bred that fight
When Ireland, Scotland, France-a,
Within the wall of London all
In ſev'ral troops ſhould prance-a!
When men quarter'd, women ſlaughter'd,
In heaps every where-a
So thick ſhould die the enemy
The very ſight ſhould ſcare-a;
That they afraid of what they made,
A ſtream of blood ſo high-a,
For ſafety fled, ſhould mount the dead,
And unto heav'n get nigh-a.
The ſcarlet gown and beſt i' th' Town
Each other would bewail-a,
That their ſhut purſe had brought this curſe
That did ſo much prevail-a.

Each alderman in his own chain
Being hang'd up like a dog-a,
And all the City without pity
Made but one bloody bog-a.

The Irish kern in battle ftern
For all their faults fo foul-a,
Pride, ufe, ill-gain, and want of brain,
Teaching them how to howl-a.

No longer then the fine women
The Scots would praife and truft-a,
The wanton dames being burnt in flames
Far hotter than their luft-a:

But too too late lament their fate,
And mifery deplore-a,
By the French knocks have got a pox
Worfe than they had before-a.

Infants unborn fhould 'fcape the horn
By being murder'd then-a,
Which they were fure if life endure
To have when they were men-a.

The precife fry that now mounts high
Full low we caft their lot-a,
And all that think it fin to drink
We doom'd unto the pot-a.

The Parliament is fully bent
To root up bifhops clean-a;
To raife their fort and fpoil their fport
We did intend and mean-a.

With many things confuſion brings
To kingdoms in an hour-a,
To burn up tillage, ſack and pillage,
And handſome maids deflour-a.
But Argus' eye did ſoon eſpy
What we ſo much did truſt-a,
And to our ſhame and loſs of fame
Our plot laid in the duſt-a.
And had we ſtaid I am afraid
That their Briarean hand-a
Had ſtruck us dead, (who now are fled)
And ſeized all our land-a.
But thanks to Heav'n three of the ſev'n
That were the plotters chief-a
Have led to France their wits a dance
To find out a relief-a.
But D'Avenant * ſhakes and buttons makes
As ſtrongly with his breech-a
As he ere long did with his tongue
Make many a bombaſt ſpeech-a.
But yet we hope he 'll 'ſcape the rope
That now him ſo doth fright-a,
The Parliament being content
That he his fact ſhould write-a.

* Sir William D'Avenant the dramatick poet, and author of Gondibert, &c.

SONGS.

SONG.

You say you love; repeat again,
Repeat th' amazing sound;
Repeat the ease of all my pain,
The cure of ev'ry wound.

What you to thousands have deny'd
To me you freely give;
Whilst I in humble silence dy'd
Your mercy bids me live.

So upon Latmos' top each night
Endymion sighing lay,
Gaz'd on the moon's transcendent light,
Despair'd and durst not pray.

But divine Cynthia saw his grief
Th' effect of conq'ring charms;
Unask'd the goddess brings relief,
And falls into his arms.

SONG. TO CÆLIA.

THE cruel Cælia loves and burns
In flames ſhe cannot hide;
Make her, dear Thyrſis! cold returns,
Treat her with ſcorn and pride.

You know the captives ſhe has made
The torment of her chain;
Let her, let her, be once betray'd,
Or rack her with diſdain.

See tears flow from her piercing eyes;
She bends her knee divine:
Her tears for Damon's ſake deſpiſe;
Let her kneel ſtill for mine.

Purſue thy conqueſt, charming Youth!
Her haughty beauty vex,
Till trembling virgins learn this truth——
Men can revenge their ſex.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAM.

WHO could believe that a fine needle's ſmart
Should from a finger pierce a virgin's heart,
That from an orifice ſo very ſmall
The ſpirits and the vital blood ſhould fall?
Strephon and Phaon, I'll be judg'd by you
If more than this has not been found too true.
From ſmaller darts much greater wounds ariſe
When ſhot by Cynthia's or by Laura's eyes.

EPIGRAM.

SAM Wills had view'd Kate Bets, a ſmiling laſs,
And for her pretty mouth admir'd her face:
Kate had lik'd Sam for noſe of Roman ſize,
Not minding his complexion or his eyes.
They met—Says Sam, " Alas! to ſay the truth
" I find myſelf deceiv'd by that ſmall mouth."
" Alas!" cries Kate, " could any one ſuppoſe
" I could be ſo deceiv'd by ſuch a noſe?
" But I henceforth ſhall hold this maxim juſt,
" To have experience firſt, and then to truſt."

IMITATIONS.

RUFINUS,

OR, THE FAVOURITE *.

IMITATED FROM CLAUDIAN.

OFT' as I wond'ring ſtand a ſecret doubt
Puzzles my reaſon and diſturbs my thought,
Whether this lower world by chance does move,
Or guided by the guardian hand of Jove.
When I ſurvey the world's harmonious frame,
How Nature lives immutably the ſame,
How ſtated bounds and ambient ſhores reſtrain
The rolling ſurges of the briny main,
How conſtant Time revolves the circling year,
How day and night alternately appear,
Then am I well convinc'd ſome Secret Soul,
Some Firſt Informing Pow'r, directs the whole,
Some Great Intelligence, who turns the ſpheres,
Who rules the ſteady motion of the ſtars,
Who decks with borrow'd light the waning moon,
And fills with native light th' unchanging ſun,

* The eſſay to which this poem was originally annexed was written in 1711, as a harſh ſatire on the Duke of Marlborough, dictated perhaps rather by party rage than truth. It is printed in Dr. King's Works, vol. II. p. 280.

Who hangs the earth amidſt ſurrounding ſkies,
And bids her various fruits in various ſeaſons riſe.
But ſoon as I reflect on human ſtate,
How blind, how unproportion'd, is our fate,
How ill men crown'd with bleſſings ſmoothly paſs
A golden circle of delightful days,
How good men bear the rugged paths of life,
Condemn'd to endleſs cares, to endleſs ſtrife,
Then am I loſt again; religion fails;
Then Epicurus' bolder ſcheme prevails,
Which thro' the void makes wand'ring atoms dance,
And calls the medley world the work of Chance,
Which God's eternal providence denies,
And feigns him nodding in the diſtant ſkies.
At length Rufinus' fate my doubt removes,
And God's exiſtence and his juſtice proves:
Nor do I longer undeceiv'd complain
The wicked flouriſh and triumphant reign,
Since they to fortune's heights are rais'd alone
To ruſh with greater ruin headlong down.
But here inſtruct thy bard, Pierian dame!
Whence and of whom the dire contagion came.
Alecto's breaſt with rage and envy glows
To ſee the world poſſeſs'd of ſweet repoſe;
Down to the dreary realms below ſhe bends,
There ſummons a cabal of ſiſter fiends;
Thither unnumber'd plagues direct their flight,
The curſed progeny of Hell and Night.

Firſt Diſcord rears her head, the nurſe of War;
Next Famine fiercely ſtalks with haughty air;
Then Age ſcarce drags her limbs, ſcarce draws her breath,
But tott'ring on approaches neighb'ring Death:
Here grows Diſeaſe, with inbred tortures worn;
There Envy ſnarls, and others' good does mourn;
There Sorrow ſighs, her robe to tatters torn;
Fear ſculks behind, and trembling hides her face,
But Raſhneſs headlong thruſts her front of braſs;
Then Luxury, wealth's bane, profuſely ſhines,
Whilſt Want attending in a cloud repines;
A train of ſleepleſs ſelf tormenting cares,
Daughters of meagre Avarice, appears *,
Who as around her wither'd neck they cling
Confeſs the parent hag from whence they ſpring:
Here ills of each malignant kind reſort;
A thouſand monſters guard the dreadful court.
  Amidſt th' infernal crowd Alecto ſtands,
And a deep ſilence awfully commands,
Then in tumultuous terms like theſe expreſt
A paſſion long had ſwell'd within her breaſt:
  " Shall we ſupine permit theſe peaceful days
" So ſmooth, ſo gay, ſo undiſturb'd, to paſs?
" Shall pity melt, ſhall clemency control,
" A Fury's fierce and unrelenting ſoul?

* This is an inſtance in which Dr. King in common with ſome greater poets has ſacrificed grammar to (even a very indifferent) rhyme.

"What do our irôn whips, our brands, avail,
"What all the horrid implements of hell,
"Since mighty Jove debars us of his ſkies,
"Since Theodoſius too his earth denies?
"Such were the days, and ſo their tenour ran,
"When the firſt happy Golden Age began:
"Virtue and Concord with their heav'nly train,
"With Piety and Faith, ſecurely reign;
"Nay Juſtice in imperial pomp array'd
"Boldly explores this everlaſting ſhade;
"Me ſhe inſulting menaces and awes,
"Reforms the world, and vindicates her laws.
"And ſhall we then, neglected and forlorn,
"From ev'ry region baniſh'd, idly mourn?
"Aſſert yourſelves, know what and whence you are,
"Attempt ſome glorious miſchief worth your care,
"Involve the univerſe in endleſs war.
"Oh! that I could in Stygian vapours riſe,
"Darken the ſun, pollute the balmy ſkies,
"Let looſe the rivers, deluge ev'ry plain,
"Break down the barriers of the roaring main,
"And ſhatter Nature into Chaos once again!"
So rag'd the fiend, and toſs'd her vipers round,
Which hiſſing pour'd their poiſon on the ground.
A murmur thro' the jarring audience rung,
Diff'rent reſolves from diff'rent reaſons ſprung.
So when the fury of the ſtorm is paſt,
When the rough winds in ſofter murmurs waſte,

So ſounds, ſo fluctuates, the troubled ſea
As the expiring tempeſt ploughs its way.
Megæra riſing then addreſs'd the throng,
To whom ſedition, tumult, rage, belong,
Whoſe food is entrails of the guiltleſs dead,
Whoſe drink is children's blood by parents ſhed.
She ſcorch'd Alcides with a frantick flame,
She broke the bow the ſavage world did tame;
She nerv'd the arm, ſhe flung the deadly dart,
When Athamas transfix'd Learchus' heart;
She prompted Agamemnon's monſtrous wife
To take her injur'd lord's devoted life;
She breath'd revenge and rage into the ſon,
So did the mother's blood the ſire's atone;
She blinded Oedipus with kindred charms,
Forc'd him inceſt'ous to a mother's arms;
She ſtung Thyeſtes, and his fury fed,
She taught him to pollute a daughter's bed.
Such was her dreadful ſpeech:
"Your ſchemes not practical nor lawful are
"With Heav'n and Jove to wage unequal war;
"But if the peace of man you would invade,
"If o'er the ravag'd earth deſtruction ſpread,
"Then ſhall Rufinus, fram'd for ev'ry ill,
"With your own vengeance execute your will;
"A prodigy from ſavage parents ſprung,
"Impetuous as a tigreſs new with young,

" Fierce as the Hydra, fickle as the flood,
" And keen as meagre Harpies for their food.
" Soon as the infant drew the vital air
" I firſt receiv'd him to my nurſing care,
" And often he, when tender yet and young,
" Cry'd for the teat, and on my boſom hung,
" Whilſt my horn'd ſerpents round his viſage play'd,
" His features form'd, and there their venom ſhed,
" Whilſt I infuſing breath'd into his heart
" Deceit, and craft, and ev'ry hurtful art,
" Taught him t' involve his ſoul in ſecret clouds,
" With falſe diſſembling ſmiles to veil his frauds.
" Not dying patriots' tortures can aſſuage
" His inborn cruelty, his native rage;
" Not Tagus' yellow torrent can ſuffice
" His boundleſs and unſated avarice;
" Nor all the metal of Pactolus' ſtreams,
" Nor Hermus, glitt'ring as the ſolar beams.
" If you the ſtratagem propos'd approve,
" Let us to Court this bane of crowns remove;
" There ſhall he ſoon with his intriguing art
" Guide uncontroll'd the willing prince's heart:
" Not Numa's wiſdom ſhall that heart defend
" When the falſe Fav'rite acts the faithful Friend."
Soon as ſhe ended the ſurrounding crowd
With peals of joy the black deſign applaud.
Now with an adamant her hair ſhe bound,
With a blue ſerpent girt her veſt around,

Then haſtes to Phlegeton's impetuous ſtream,
Whoſe pitchy waves are flakes of rolling flame,
There lights a torch, and ſtraight with wings diſ-
Shoots ſwiftly thro' the dun Tartarean glade. [play'd
   A place on Gallia's utmoſt verge there lies
Extended to the ſea and ſouthern ſkies,
Where once Ulyſſes, as old fables tell,
Invok'd and rais'd th' inhabitants of hell,
Where oft' with ſtaring eyes the trembling hind
Sees airy phantoms ſkim before the wind,
Hence ſprings the Fury into upper ſkies,
Infecting all the region as ſhe flies;
She roars, and ſhakes the atmoſphere around,
And earth and ſea rebellow to the ſound;
Then ſtraight transform'd her ſnakes to ſilver hairs,
And like an old decrepit ſage appears;
Slowly ſhe creeps along with trembling gait,
Scarce can her languid limbs ſuſtain her weight:
At length arriving at Rufinus' cell,
Which from his monſtrous birth ſhe knew ſo well,
She mildly thus hell's darling hope addreſt,
Sooth'd his ambition and inflam'd his breaſt:
   "Can ſloth diſſolve Rufinus? canſt thou paſs
"Thy ſprightly youth in ſoft inglorious eaſe?
"Know that thy better fate, thy kinder ſtar,
"Does more exalted paths for thee prepare.
"If thou an old man's counſel canſt obey
"The ſubject world ſhall own thy ſov'reign ſway;

" For my enlighten'd ſoul, my conſcious breaſt,
" Of magick's ſecret ſcience, is poſſeſt.
" Oft' have I forc'd with myſtick midnight ſpells
" Pale ſpectres from their ſubterranean cells:
" Old Hecate attends my pow'rful ſong,
" Pow'rful to haſten fate or to prolong;
" Pow'rful the rooted ſtubborn oak to move,
" To ſtop the thunder burſting from above,
" To make the rapid flood's deſcending ſtream
" Flow backward to the fountain whence it came.
" Nor doubt my truth—behold with juſt ſurpriſe
" An effort of my art—a palace riſe."
She ſaid, and lo! a palace tow'ring ſeems
With Parian pillars and metallick beams:
Rufinus raviſh'd with the vaſt delight
Gorges his avarice and gluts his ſight.
Such was his tranſport, ſuch his ſudden pride,
When Midas firſt his golden wiſh enjoy'd,
But as his ſtiff'ning food to metal turn'd
He found his raſhneſs, and his ruin mourn'd.
" Be thou or man or god," Rufinus ſaid,
" I follow whereſoe'er thy dictates lead."
Then from his hut he flies, aſſumes the ſtate
Propounded by the fiend, prepar'd by Fate.
Ambition ſoon began to lift her head,
Soaring ſhe mounts with reſtleſs pinions ſpread;
But Juſtice conſcious ſhuns the poiſon'd air
Where only proſtituted tools repair,

Where Stilico and virtue not avail,
Where royal favours ſtand expos'd to ſale,
Where now Rufinus, ſcandalouſly great,
Loads lab'ring nations with oppreſſive weight,
Keeps the obſequious world depending ſtill
On the proud dictates of his lawleſs will,
Advances thoſe whoſe fierce and factious zeal
Prompts ever to reſiſt and to rebel,
But thoſe impeaches who their prince commend,
Who dauntleſs dare his ſacred rights defend,
Expounds ſmall riots into higheſt crimes,
Brands loyalty as treaſon to the times;
An haughty minion, mad with empire grown,
Enſlaves the ſubjects and inſults the throne.
   A thouſand diſemboguing rivers pay
Their everlaſting homage to the ſea;
The Nile, the Rhine, the Danube, and the Thames,
Pour conſtant down their tributary ſtreams;
But yet the ſea confeſſes no increaſe,
For all is ſwallow'd in the deep abyſs.
   In craving ſtill Rufinus' foul remains,
Tho' fed with ſhow'rs of gold and floods of gains;
For he deſpoils and ravages the land;
No ſtate is free from his rapacious hand:
Treaſures immenſe he hoards, erects a tow'r
To lodge the plunder'd world's collected ſtore:
Unmeaſur'd is his wealth, unbounded is his pow'r.
   Oh! whither wouldſt thou rove, miſtaken Man?
Vain are thy hopes, thy acquiſitions vain;

For now ſuppoſe thy avarice poſſeſt
Of all the ſplendour of the glitt'ring Eaſt,
Of Crœſus' maſs of wealth, of Cyrus' crown,
Suppoſe the ocean's treaſure all thy own,
Still would thy ſoul repine, ſtill aſk for more,
Unbleſt with plenty, with abundance poor.
Fabricius in himſelf, in virtue, great,
Diſdain'd a monarch's bribe, deſpis'd his ſtate;
Serranus as he grac'd the Conſul's chair
So could he guide the plough's laborious ſhare;
The fam'd, the warlike, Curii deign'd to dwell
In a poor lonely cot and humble cell:
Such a retreat to me is more glorious far
Than all thy pomp than all thy triumphs are.
Give me my ſolitary native home,
Take thou thy riſing tow'r, thy lofty dome:
Tho' there thy furniture of radiant die
Abſtracts and raviſhes the curious eye,
Tho' each apartment, ev'ry ſpacious room,
Shines with the glories of the Tyrian loom,
Yet here I view a more delightful ſcene:
Where Nature's freſheſt bloom and beauties reign,
Where the warm zephir's genial balmy wing
Playing diffuſes an eternal ſpring:
Tho' there thy lewd laſcivious limbs are laid
On a rich downy couch or golden bed,
Yet here extended on the flow'ry graſs
More free from care my guiltleſs hours I paſs;

'Tho' there thy ſycophants, a ſervile race!
Cringe at thy levees and reſound thy praiſe,
Yet here a murm'ring ſtream or warbling bird
To me does ſweeter harmony afford.
Nature on all the pow'r of bliſs beſtows,
Which from her bounteous ſource perpetual flows,
But he alone with happineſs is bleſt
Who knows to uſe it rightly when poſſeſt;
A doctrine if well poiz'd in Reaſon's ſcale
Nor luxury nor want would thus prevail,
Nor would our fleets ſo frequent plough the main,
Nor our embattled armies ſtrew the plain.
But oh! Rufinus is to reaſon blind;
A ſtrange hydropick thirſt inflames his mind:
No bribes his growing appetite can ſate,
For new poſſeſſions new deſires create.
No ſenſe of ſhame, no modeſty, reſtrains
Where avarice or where ambition reigns.
When with ſtrict oaths his profer'd faith he binds
Falſe are his vows and treach'rous his deſigns.
Now ſhould a patriot riſe, his pow'r oppoſe,
Should he aſſert a ſinking nation's cauſe,
He ſtirs a vengeance nothing can control,
Such is the rancour of his haughty ſoul;
Fell as a lioneſs in Libya's plain
When tortur'd with the jav'lin's pointed pain,
Or a ſpurn'd ſerpent as ſhe ſhoots along,
With lightning in her eyes and poiſon in her tongue.

Nor will thoſe families eras'd ſuffice,
But provinces and cities he deſtroys;
Urg'd on with blind revenge and ſettled hate
He labours the confuſion of the ſtate,
Subverts the nation's old eſtabliſh'd frame,
Explodes her laws and tramples on her fame.
If e'er in mercy he pretends to ſave
A man purſu'd by faction from the grave,
Then he invents new puniſhments, new pains,
Condemns to ſilence, and from truth reſtrains*;
Then racks and pillories, and bonds and bars,
Then ruin and impeachments, he prepares.
O dreadful mercy! more than death ſevere!
That doubly tortures whom it ſeems to ſpare!
All ſeem enſlav'd, all bow to him alone,
Nor dare their hate their juſt reſentments own,
But inward grieve, their ſighs and pangs confin'd,
Which with convulſive ſorrow tear the mind.
Envy is mute—it is treaſon to diſcloſe
The baneful ſource of their eternal woes.
But Stilico's ſuperiour ſoul appears
Unſhock'd, unmov'd, by baſe ignoble fears.
He is the polar ſtar directs the ſtate
When parties rage and publick tempeſts beat;
He is the ſafe retreat, the ſweet repoſe,
Can ſooth and calm afflicted Virtue's woes;

* Alluding to the ſentence then recently paſſed on Dr. Sacheverell, for whom our Author was a profeſſed advocate.

He is the ſolid, firm, unſhaken, force
That only knows to ſtem th' invader's courſe.
So when a river ſwell'd with winter's rains
The limits of its wonted ſhore diſdains,
Bridges, and ſtones, and trees, in vain oppoſe,
With unreſiſted rage the torrent flows,
But as it rolling meets a mighty rock
Whoſe fix'd foundations can repel the ſhock,
Elided ſurges roar in eddies round,
The rock unmov'd reverberates the ſound.

THE STUMBLINGBLOCK,

FROM CLAUDIAN'S RUFINUS *.

TWENTY conundrums have of late
Been buzzing in my addle pate,
If earthly things are rul'd by Heav'n,
Or matters go at ſix and ſev'n,
The coach without a coachman driv'n?
A pilot at the helm to guide,
Or the ſhip left to wind and tide?
A great Firſt Cauſe to be ador'd,
Or whether all is a lott'ry board?
For when in viewing Nature's face
I ſpy ſo regular a grace,
So juſt a ſymmetry of features
From ſtern to ſtern in all her creatures,

* See a ſerious tranſlation above.

When on the boiſt'rous ſea I think
How it is confin'd like any ſink,
How ſummer, winter, ſpring, and fall,
Dance round in ſo exact a hawl,
How like a chequer day and night
One is mark'd with black and one with white.
Quoth I, I ken it well from hence
There is a Preſiding Influence
Which won't permit the rambling ſtars
To fall together by the ears,
Which orders ſtill the proper ſeaſon
For hay and oats, and beans and peaſen,
Which trims the ſun with its own beams,
Whilſt the moon ticks for her's it ſeems,
And, as aſham'd of the diſgrace,
Unmaſks but ſeldom all her face,
Which bounds the ocean within banks
To hinder all its madcap pranks,
Which does the globe to an axle fit,
Like wheel to nave or joint to ſpit.
But then again, how can it be
Whilſt ſuch vaſt tracks of earth we ſee
O'errun by barb'rous tyranny?
Vile ſycophants in clover bleſt
Whilſt patriots with Duke Humphry feaſt,
Browbeaten, bully'd, and oppreſt?
Pimps rais'd to honour, riches, rule,
Whilſt he who ſeems to be a tool
Is the prieſt's knave, the placeman's fool!

This whimſical phenomenon
Confounding all my *pro* and *con*
Bamboozles the account again,
And draws me *nolens volens* in,
Like a preſs'd ſoldier to eſpouſe
The ſceptick's hypothetick cauſe,
Who Kent will to a codling lay us
That Croſs-or-pile refin'd the Chaos,
That jovial atoms once did dance,
And form'd this merry orb by chance,
No art or ſkill were taken up,
But all fell out as round as hoop!
A vacuum is another maxim
Where he brags experience backs him,
Denying that all ſpace is full
From inſide of a Tory's ſcull:
As to a deity, his tenet
Swears by It there is nothing in it,
Elſe it is too buſy or too idle
With our poor bagatelles to meddle.
Anna is a curb to lawleſs Louis,
Which as illuſtrious as true is;
Her victories o'er deſpotick right,
That paſſive nonreſiſting bite,
Have brought this myſtery to light,
Have fairly made the riddle out,
And anſwer'd all the ſqueamiſh doubt,
Have clear'd the regency on high
From every preſumpt'ous why.

No more I boggle as before,
But with full confidence adore,
Plain as noſe on face expounding
All this intricate dumb-founding,
Which to the meaneſt conception is
As followeth hereunder, *viz.*
" Tyrants mount but like a meteor,
" To make their headlong fall the greater."

TO LAURA.

IN IMITATION OF PETRARCH.

At ſight of murder'd Pompey's head
Cæſar forgets his ſex and ſtate,
And whilſt his gen'rous tears are ſhed
Wiſhes he had at leaſt a milder fate.

At Abſalom's untimely fall
David with grief his conqueſt views,
Nay weeps for unrelenting Saul,
And in ſoft verſe the mournful theme purſues.

The mightier Laura, from Love's darts ſecure,
Beholds the thouſand deaths that I endure,
Each death made horrid with moſt cruel pain,
Yet no frail pity in her looks appears,
Her eyes betray no careleſs tears,
But perſecute me ſtill with anger and diſdain.

TRANSLATIONS.

AN INCOMPARABLE

ODE OF MALHERBE'S *,

Written by him when the Marriage was on foot between the King of France † and Anne of Austria.

Translated by a great Admirer of the easiness of French Poetry.

Cette Anne si belle,	This Anna so fair,
Qu'on vante si fort,	So talk'd of by Fame,
Pourquoy ne vient elle?	Why do n't she appear?
Vrayment elle a tort.	Indeed she 's to blame.
Son Loüis soûpire	Lewis sighs for the sake
Apres ses appas.	Of her charms, *as they say*
Que veut elle dire	What excuse can she make
Que elle ne vient pas?	For not coming away?
Si il ne la possède	If he does not possess
Il s'en va mourir:	He dies with despair:
Donnons y reméde,	Let 's give him redress,
Allons la querir.	And go find out the fair.

* The translator proposed to turn this ode with all imaginable exactness, and he hopes he has been pretty just to Malherbe; only in the sixth line he has made a small edition of these three words, *as they say*, which he thinks is excusable, if we consider the French poet there talks a little too familiarly of the king's passion, as if the king himself had owned it to him. The translator thinks it more mannerly and respectful in Malherbe to pretend to have the account of it only by hearsay. *King*.

† Lewis XIV.

TRANSLATION FROM TASSO.

CANTO III. ST. 3.

So when bold mariners, whom hopes of ore
Have urg'd to ſeek ſome unfrequented ſhore,
The ſea grown high and pole unknown, do find
How falſe is ev'ry wave and treach'rous ev'ry wind,
If wiſh'd for land ſome happier ſight deſcries,
Diſtant huzzas, ſaluting clamours, riſe,
Each ſtrives to ſhew his mate th' approaching bay,
Forgets paſt danger and the tedious way.

FROM HESIOD.

When Saturn reign'd in heav'n his ſubjects here
Array'd with godly virtues did appear;
Care, Pain, Old Age, and Grief, were baniſh'd far,
With all the dread of laws and doubtful war;
But cheerful friendſhip, mix'd with innocence,
Feaſted their underſtanding and their ſenſe;
Nature abounded with unenvy'd ſtore,
Till their diſcreeteſt wits could aſk no more;
And when by Fate they came to breathe their laſt
Diſſolv'd in ſleep their flitting vitals paſt,
Then to much happier manſions they remov'd,
There prais'd their God, and were by him belov'd.

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